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A CHILD of the NIGHT

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON

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CHAPTER XV.

To the **Church of St. Landry.**

There was a tone in his voice that made me tremble. I realized that this man could be terrible, inexorable upon occasion. I had good cause to hate the woman, but, God knows, I pitied her now.

"Her hour has struck," repeated d'Argenson. "She has lived fifteen years too long already. She has cheated the gallows, but the gallows will claim its own."

I questioned him with my eyes.

"She called it a mistake, you told me—that was a gentle name for it. I remember it very well, for this mistake was one of the most horrible of the first year of my administration. The police was not organized then as it is now, or she would not have escaped us."

"And what was this mistake, Monsieur?" I questioned.

"It is a pretty story," he said musingly. "There is not time to tell it now as it should be told—but, in a word, this woman, after she left Ribaut, secured a place with a pastry-cook named Durand, in the Rue Auxerrois. He was wealthy and she seems to have conceived a passion for him. One morning his wife was found dead in bed. He welcomed the release, perhaps, but he did not look twice at Madame Basarge. Instead, he married again, this time a pretty girl from Orleans, which had been his home. One day, the pastry-shop did not open. The neighbors became alarmed and burst in the door. The found Durand and his wife in bed. They had been dead for hours, and their purple flesh proved they had been poisoned. Madame Basarge was missing. So was Durand's little daughter. We found out afterwards that the woman had learned her infamous art from one of the disciples of the Widow Montvoisin."

He paused, and his face grew stern.

"You can conceive, Monsieur, how I searched for that woman. I had just come to the office. I felt personally responsible—my reputation seemed at stake. But we found not a trace of her. She descended into depths from which even the police recoiled. But I have waited. I knew that fate would deliver her to me. I am prepared."

He turned to a case of papers at his side, and after a moment's search, drew out one, opened it, and glanced over it.

"There was no question of her guilt," he continued, after a moment, "and a decree of death was issued against her I hold it here in my hand. There need be no further delay in its execution."

He folded the paper again, and sat for a time, tapping it agaist the table.

"That woman is a genius," he said, at last. "I admire her. She baffled us so completely. Your conciergo told my men he had sent you to the Rue du Chevet, and we scoured the quarter from top to bottom, but could find no trace of you. It is not often my men fail, M. le Moyne, but how were they to suspect the existence of a cavern thirty feet underground? I must see it myself, some day. And the girl—well, we found no trace of the girl, either, nor of Madame Basarge, nor of this gamine you say she had with her—they must have had another hiding place."

But my brain was busy with another problem.

"You said, M. le Comte," I began, "that a daughter of the confectioner Durand was missing. Was she ever found?"

"She was never found. Ah, I see," and he looked at me suddenly. "This gamine—how old was she?"

I shook my head.

"I do not know, Monsieur. She might have been fifteen—twenty—twenty-five—she was old enough to love."

"Well," he cried, "I venture the guess that it was Durand's daughter. The woman's object in stealing the child always puzzled me, but now I understand—she wanted some one upon whom she might wreak her hatred."

That was it—in a flash I saw it. Some one upon whom to wreak her hatred—some one to torture! Ah, Ninon, what a fate was yours!

The opening of the door brought me from my thoughts, and I turned to see an attendant enter.

"Your carriage is waiting, M. le Comte," he announced.

"Very well," cried d'Argenson, springing to his feet and seizing his cloak and hat. "I am going with you myself, M. le Moyne, for I am curious to witness this little coup de theatre. It is not often that I give myself a treat of this kind," and he led the wa yinto the ante-chamber. "Here, Bernin," he called to an officer who was standing there, "you will deliver this order to the jailer of the conciergerie at once," and he handed him the paper containing the sentence of Mere Fouchon. Her hour had struck, indeed! "Come with me, Monsieur," he added to me and led the way rapidly down the steps and to the carriage.

"We have ample time," he said, as the carriage started. "It is yet twenty minutes of nine o'clock. I imagine that these good people whom we are going to surprise will believe they see a ghost when you appear before them," he added, with a smile. "Upon my word, I doubt if even the charming Nanette will know you. You are enough to frighten a woman half to death."

"There was no time," I said, "or I should have changed my garments."

"No, no," cried d'Argenson, "I would not have one speck of dirt less. Believe me, with that bloody head, those torn hands, those filthy clothes, those haggard eyes—and above everything, with that belt if iron about your waist—you are admirable!"

He looked at me in silence for a moment, as the carriage rolled along the Rue St. Honore. "M. le Moyne," he said suddenly, "I need not tell you we have no proof that there is really a conspiracy between Ribaut and Briquet?"

"No proof, Monsieur?" I stammered, for I had believed the way very clear.

"No proof whatever," repeated d'Argenson. "Nothing but the suspicions of an old woman, which there is little chance of confirming. There are, of course, many things which point in the same direction—the pertinacity of Ribaut, his willingness to sacrifice ten thousand crowns in order that the marriage might take place, his terror when you threatened a police investigation, the apparent unfitness of Briquet, the hints that he was once a thief or worse—all these indicate that Mere Fouchon's theory is the right one. Still there is no proof. Not a single suspicious circumstance has been unearthed by my agents."

"You will permit the wedding to take place, then?" I cried in despair. "You will do nothing to prevent it?"

"Rest assured, Monsieur," said d'Argenson, kindly, "that I will do everything in my power to prevent it. For I believe that a conspiracy does exist, even though I have no proof of it. The facts stated by Mere Fouchon had already been ascertained by my agents. Charles Ribaut left a very large fortune; his daughter Anne is the only heir, her uncle has had absolute control of the estate for fifteen years. But in all of this there is nothing which resembles a conspiracy, even in the least degree. It is quite possible that he intends turning the whole fortune over to Briquet."

"What then will you do, Monsieur?" I questioned anxiously.

"There is only one thing to be done," he answered. "We will assume a bold front. We will act as though we held great forces in reserve. We will endeavor to frighten them. It is an old trick, but one which is often successful with the guilty. Let us hope it will be so in this case."

We were crossing the Pont au Change, and I looked out upon the river with eyes that saw nothing. I had thought success so certain, and now, it seemed, I might yet lose! I raised my eyes to find d'Argenson looking at me with a smile whose meaning I did not understand.

"M. le Moyne," he said, "I am going to ask you a question which you need not answer if you do not choose."

"What is it, Monsieur?" I asked.

"It is concerning Mlle. Ribaut. I have reason to believe that you love her. Is it not so, Monsieur?"

"That is so, M. le Comte," I replied, and my hands were trembling.

"I am glad to hear it," he said, and fell into a reverie, smiling to himself. It was not until we stopped before the church that he spoke again.

"Here we are," he cried, "and with still ten minutes to spare. Come with me," and we left the carriage and entered the church. An old man met us at the door and cast an astonished glance at me.

"Are you the sacriston?" asked d'Argenson.

"Yes, Monsier," answered the fellow.

"There is to be a wedding here at nine o'clock, is there not?"

"I do not know, Monsieur. There has already been one wedding here at eight o'clock."

My heart fell within me. Could it be that the hour had been changed?"

"What were their names?" asked d'Argenson sharply.

"The man was named Brujon," answered the sacriston. "I do not remember the woman's name."

I breathed again. We were still in time.

"Very well," said d'Argenson. "I will see the cure and find out about this other marriage."

"Pardon, Monsieur," protested the man, "but the cure is very busy."

"You will tell him,' said d'Argenson grimly, "that the Comte d'Argenson, lieutenant of police, wishes ta speak to him and at once."

The fellow's face turned livid, and he bowed to the ground.

"Oh, M. d'Argenson," he stammerer, "that is another matter. Follow me, Monsieurs, and I will conduct you to the cure."

He led the way along a side aisle to the sacristy at the rear. He tapped at the door, and a voice bidding us enter, he opened it and ushered us in. The cure was sitting at a table writing.

"This is M. le Comte d'Argenson, M. le Cure," said the sacristan, and went out, closing the door after him.

The cure looked at us with alarmed and astonished eyes.

"This is an honor," he said, at last. "Will you not sit down, Monsieurs?"

"M. le Cure," began d'Argenson, abruptly, "you are to celebrate a marriage here at 9 o'clock, are you not?"

"Yes, Monsieur. A M. Briquet and a niece of M. Ribaut. It was to have taken place a week ago, but was postponed by the illness of the bride."

"That is it. Well, M. le Cure, this wedding must not take place, since it is believed to be a conspiracy to defraud the girl."

"A conspiracy, Monsier?" gasped the cure.

"Yes, a conspiracy. Will you require any further proof of it?"

"Not if I have your word, M. d'Argenson," answered the cure, readily.

D'Argenson hesitated a moment.

"M. le Cure," he said, at last, "I will tell you candidly that we have no absolute proof of this conspiracy. For myself I do not doubt that it exists. In any event, I will assume all responsibility in the matter."

The cure bowed.

"I will also assume full responsibility for anything that follows," added d'Argenson. "What I may ask you to do will be somewhat irregular, Monsieur, but, believe me, it will be just."

"M. d'Argenson's assurance is more than sufficient," and the cure bowed again. "His passion for justice is well known."

Who could think of opposing the Lieutenant of Police—this man who carried all before him? Certainly not the cure of a small church!

"I will tell you one thing more, Monsieur," he added. "This girl has not been ill—she has been imprisoned. She will come to the altar faint and trembling, not from illness, but from horror. We are here to save her. I do not wish the parties to be forewarned. We will challenge them at the altar. A great deal will depend upon the completeness of the surprise."

"Very well, Monsieur."

"Is there any place in which we could remain concealed?"

"You could pause behind the tapestry at the doorway, Monsieur. From there you could hear and see everything."

A tap at the door interrupted him and, at his bidding, the sacristan entered.

"A wedding-party waiting for you, Monsieur," he announced to the cure.

"Very well," said the latter, "I will be there in a moment." The sacristan withdrew and the cure donned his stole and surplice. "Now, follow me, Messieurs," and he led the way to the door opening into the church, before which hung a tapestry. "You will be concealed here," he said, and raising the tapestry, he entered the church and stood before the altar.

CHAPTER XVI.

M. D'Argenson's Coup.

My head was singing strangely as I started out into the church, and a great trembling seized me, for I was faint from loss of sleep, of food, of blood—of everything, in a word, that makes life. I heard myself praying wildly to the Virgin, the building seemed to rock before my eyes—and then I felt a strong and kindly hand upon my shoulder.

"Be brave, M. le Moyne," said d'Argenson's voice. "Be strong. You have need of your strength now, if ever."

The voice—the clasp of the hand—nerved and steadied me. I felt that with this man beside me I could vanquish fate itself.

Once more I looked out into the church. I saw the acolyte arrange the altar-cloth and light the candles. Then the priest raised his hand, and the wedding party advanced from the vestibule. It consisted only of Nanette, her uncle, and the hideous Briquet. The men held the girl between them and were almost carrying her. Her face was white as death, and she turned her eyes appealingly from one to the other, but saw only ferocity in their countenances. At last they were at the altar-rail and she dropped to her knees and buried here face in her hands. I knew that she was praying.

"M. le Cure," said Ribaut, "in case the bride cannot answer, her legal guardian is permitted to answer for her, is he not?"

"Yes, M. Ribaut," replied the cure in a low voice, "that is permitted."

"Very well, Monsieur, proceed," and the men dropped to their knees beside the girl.

I could see her form shaken with sobs.

"Oh, come," I whispered to d'Argenson; "hasten, Monsieur. This is more than I can bear."

"It will be but a moment longer," and he pressed my hand.

"Is there anyone here present," asked the priest, "who knows of any reason why these two should not be man and wife?"

D'Argenson put the tapestry back and advanced slowly to the altar-rail. Ribault and Briquet saw him, and the eye of the latter dilated with terror, for he had seen d'Argenson as you know, and knew him now. Nanette did not raise her head, but continued sobbing softly. Plainly she had abandoned hope.

"I forbid the marriage, M. le Cure," said d'Argenson.

As she heard these words, Nanette raised her head with a start. She saw d'Argenson standing there. She fixed her eyes on him and what she read there seemed to reassure her, for she smiled and her weeping ceased.

Ribaut was on his feet in an instant, but Briquet remained kneeling, seemingly paralyzed by d'Argenson's words. His mouth was working convulsively and his face was livid.

"Who is this fellow?" asked Ribaut, looking from d'Argenson to the priest, purple with rage.

"I forbid the marriage," continued d'Argenson before the priest could answer, "because it is a conspiracy between these two men to defraud Anne Ribaut of her property."

"It is a lie!" screamed Ribaut, and he shook his fist in his accuser's face. D'Argenson merely looked at him and smiled. He read guilt in his eyes.

"Come, M. Ribaut," he said coolly; "how about those 10,000 crowns you parted with this morning?"

Ribaut stared in astonishment, and his blood shot to his eyes as he realized his danger.

"M. le Cure," he protested at last, with an effort at composure, "one does not believe the ranting of every madman who happens in from the street. Let him bring forward his proof of this ridiculous charge."

"I have my proof," said d'Argenson, with a calmness I was far from sharing. "Come forward, my friend," he added," turning towards the place where I stood.

I lifted the tapestry and stepped into the church. Ribaut and Briquet stared at me in amazement. Evidently they did not know me, but the eyes of love were keener.

"Pierre!" cried Nanette. "Oh, Pierre! And they told me you were dead."

"Really, M. le Cure," sneered Ribaut, "one would say this was a theatre and not a church. What comedy is this? From what gutter did you drag that scoundrel?"

"You have a short memory, it seems, M. Ribaut," I retorted. "I did not think you would forget our last interview so quickly. I see that you still have the marks of it on your face."

He stared at me with eyes starting from his head.

"So," he murmured at last, "it is the lover!" and his eyes glittered with passion. "M. le Cnure, you will not heed the ravings of such scoundrels?"

The cure smiled dryly.

"It appears you do not know this gentleman," said he, glancing at d'Argenson.

"No," snarled Ribaut, "nor do I wish to know him."

"You may be interested, nevertheless, went on the cure, "in knowing that it is M. le Comte d'Argenson, lieutenant of police."

"D'Argenson!" cried Ribaut, and I saw the blood struck from his face as by a blow. "D'Argenson! Very well," he continued after a moment, vainly trying to steady his voice, as he saw that the game was lost. "This wedding, then will not take place. I yield. But I am still this girl's guardian, am I not, Monsieur?"

"Yes, you are still her guardian," assented d'Argenson.

"And she is still under my control?"

"In all things save that of this marriage."

"Very well," cried Ribaut in a ferocious voice. "She will return home with me. Come, Mademoiselle," and he grasped her by the arm and turned away.

My brain was whirling as I saw Nanette look piteously at me. I started after them to commit I know not what act of violence, but d'Argenson waved me back.

"Stop a moment, M. Ribaut," he called. "There is only one thing which can release your niece from the duty of obedience to you. That is her marriage. You have lost your right to exact obedience in that."

He descended to Nanette's side and took her hands. He smiled into her eyes, and her face brightened as she looked at him.

"I repeat, Mademoiselle," he said, "that your marriage is the only thing which can make you independent of your uncle. It seems a pity that all these preparations should go for naught—that these candles should burn uselessly. Perhaps there is someone else present whom you would be willing to marry. The cure has assured me that he will overlook any irregularity in the proceedings."

"Oh, yes,' cried Nanette. "There is some one, Monsieur,' and she turned and looked at me.

"Me?' I stammered. "Me?"

"Yes, you!" cried d'Argenson gayly. "Come, M. le Moyne, wake up!"

A mist seemed to fall from before me, and I saw Nanette gazing at me with eyes wet with tears and lips quivring with tenderness.

"My darling!" I cried. "My life!" and I stretched wide my arms to receive her.

Envoy.

So the cottage at St. Cloud became a reality, after all, for with M. d'Argenson's willing help we choked Nanette's fortune from out her uncle's hungry maw, nor did we dare make much resistance. More punishment for him we did not seek—we were too happy to think of vengeance.

And here, too, came my sister—our sister, rather—the same sweet, strong noble girl. The others dwell yet in the southland which they love; but, thank God, they no longer struggle hand to hand with want. We have visited them, Nanette and I, and how I joyed in showing her the places where my youth was spent—the river, the great wood, the little bedroom, where I peeped out at my uncle's ruffians! Then back again to our home here, at St. Cloud.

It is a pleasant place, nesting amid a grove of trees, with a vineyard at the right and the river gleaming in the distance. Sometimes, on summer afternoons, we set our table out of doors and dine with all this beauty close about us.

And sometimes, too, our dearest friend puts the cares of his great office from him and comes along to spend an hour with us. Need I say with what joy we welcome him? And I trust that in our love he finds some slight recompense for his great kindness to us.

In one corner of the little burial ground of the Theatins there is a grave which Nanette and I visit often. We love to sit beside it and talk over the days of our meeting. And as I tell for the hundredth time the story of my escape from Mere Fouchon, my wife rises with brimming eyes and kisses the little white shaft which bears the single word "Ninon.'

THE END.

Friends in an Odd Gold Hunt

THE story of how a new gold field and new coal deposits have been discovered within the Arctic Circle reads like a romance. The three principal characters in the story are just such a trio as a story teller would bring together far a yard of treasure and adventure.

One of them is the Rev. Mr. Gardner, rector of Goldhanger, a sleepy little village in Essex, England. The two others are his friends and neighbors, Dr. Salter and Ernest Mansfield, who live some three miles from the rectory in Tolleshunt D'Arcy. The rural nature of both Goldhanger and Tolleshunt D'Arcy may be guessed from the fact that neither of them appears in the railroad directory.

The doctor has been a great travelers Besides being a traveler, Mr. Mansfield is a musician, a man of letters and a mining engineer, one of the pioneers of Klondike. After their day's work was over it was the custom of these three friends to meet in the house of one or the other and talk of their experiences.

Mansfield, who has searched for gold in many parts of the world, had a favorite theory that there were great deposits of the precious metal in the Arctic regions at present untouched by man. The talk of the mining engineer fascinated the country parson, and one day he declared that he would go to Spitzbergen for his summer vacation. "And perhaps I'll put your theory to the test," he said to his friend.

So off went the rector for his holiday in the Arctic. When he came back he brought with him specimens of sand and mud and shingle from the Arctic coast and pieces of rock and quartz. To him they meant nothing. But one night came the thrilling scene. The three friends foregathered in the dining room of the rectory. On the table were the little heaps of rubbish the rector had brought home. The mining engineer pored over them, held them to the light and then:

"Gold," he said, "or I'm a Dutchman." The specimens were sent to London to be properly tested, and in due time the report came back confirming Mr. Mansfield's opinion. Mansfield went out to Spitzbergen to prospect and stake out a claim for himself and his two friends. He found a party of Americans were there before him. A friendly arrangement was made and the Americans went further up the desolate coast, where they have now established a small town. The details of what Mansfield discovered are still kept secret, but Dr. Salter says that there are astonishing indications of gold and an inexhaustible coal supply in this unexplored territory of the frozen north.

One great difficulty faced the village pioneers. From whom were they to get the right to take possession of minerals in their treasure land? No nation flies its flag over the barren rocks of this No Man's Land. So the doctor went to the foreign office for advice, on which the partners are now acting. As soon as Mansfield had returned the partners set to work. Already operations are in progresss for developing the mines.

One incident brings the story properly and completely within the rules of the story book. One day the pioneers found on the naked rocks three human skeletons. Their bare, bleached bones told no story of who they were or whence they had come, unfortunate forerunners of the three Essex partners.

BY WORKING WITH NATURE

FOR a little more than a quarter of a century the German Agricultural society has been leading and guiding much of the work which has been done in the German Empire for the greater productiveness of its soil and the more profitable use of its farms. When this organization celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary it compared the conditions which existed at the beginning with those which stand for two decades and a half of progress, and the differences shown were remarkable.

In 1885 the German Empire was well developed industrially. It was a country long cultivated and carefully utilized. Its soil has been tested for centuries. Generations of thrifty and industrious farmers had tried to get the most and best they could from the land. Only faith in modern science and modern research concerning the conditions of agriculture could have forseen then anything like the gains which are now facts accomplished.

Comparing the average yield per acre of the important crops of Germany in 1885 with the figures for 1910, the rates of increase run from 30 per cent up to 41 per cent. The latter measures the rise in the average yield or rye, in proportion to the acreage planted. The lowest rate of increase records the gain in growing barley, on a given space of ground.

The change in the average yield of wheat was 31 per cent in the quarter of a century. In the same period the rate of gain in the yield of potatoes, an enormous crop in Germany, was 37 per cent, acre for acre. Oats yielded 33 per cent more, on a given acreage, in 1910 than in 1885, and hay increased its average production 32 per cent on the same area.

In a large degree these great gains in the use of the soil of an old and well developed country have been due to better fertilizing, deeper plowing and more intelligent handling of the soil, in the mechanical sense. But there has been another force at work with great effect, toward the same end. It is the adaptation of the crops to the special charcteristics of the ground to be cultivated.

The Germans have given much attention to working with nature. They have analyzed their country's soils more carefully than before and they have sought earnestly, by the rotation of crops and by the placing of different staples where they will be most favored by nature, to avoid fighting against the conditions with which they have to deal.

This does not mean, of course, that they have failed to change many things which might easily be altered. They have drained wet fields and broken up the sub-soil where that course was indicated by the science of agriculture. Many fields once cropped with poor success, have been turned into plantations of forest trees.

But the German way has been to ascertain, as nearly as possible, what products nature had made the most favorable preparation for and to utilize the fields of the empire accordingly. The success of this scientific method is strikingly indicated in the gains, averaging fully one-third, in the productiveness of the farms of the Fatherland in the last quarter of a century.

Now it is not in the newer countries of the world, where the soil has been least cropped and least subjected to the drain of many harvests, that the average yield of agricultural staples is greatest. On the contrary, the yield per acre of the typical cereals and other important crops is largest in countries like the United Kingdom, Germany, Denmark, Belgium, Holland and France. It is lowest in new regions where there is an abundance of land available for skimming over and "skinning," as in Australia, Argentina and Siberia.

In farming and allied industries such as stock raising, gardening and fruit growing, it has been demonstrated that land cropped for a thousand years can be carried far above the average productiveness of soil just brought under cultivation. It is not all a question of fertilizers. In part it depends upon how much intelligence is put into the ground with the seed and how much patient study is spent upon the cultivation of growing crops.

Race Changes in Canada

THERE was a time, as all readers of history know, when Canada was distinctively French. With the British conquest of the country the inflow of French settlers practically ceased and many began to come from the British Isles. The American revolution sent a large number of Tories over the northern boundary to swell the English-speaking population of the Dominion.

Unlike the French at home, the French in Canada have always been a prolific race. They are mostly of Breton and Norman blood, and it is in Brittany and Normandy that there is still a good surplus of births over deaths to offset some of the losses in other parts of France. The increase of the Canadian French since their country ceased to be French and to draw immigration from France has been remarkable.

But there are limits to the ability of the French element in Canada to keep up with the increase in the English-speaking population, which is swollen greatly by immigration. Of late the balance has tipped more and more in favor of the majority, which is of British origin. In this change there have come more marked contrasts between the various elements in the population of the British Isles and in the British population of Canada.

For example, the immigration from the United Kingdom in the last 10 years has been chiefly English and Welsh, but the Scotch have been strongly represented. On the other hand, out of a total of about 750,000 immigrants from the British Isles in the decade only 45,000 have been Irish. The Scotch have numbered 150,000.

These figures show very clearly the strong preference of the average Irishman for some country which is not under the British flag when he seeks a new home beyond the sea. It illustrates the vastly more effective "pull" of the United States for emigrants leaving Ireland. The English and the Scotch are drawn to Canada by the imperial conection which repels the Irish.

In the same 10 years the immigration which Canada has received from the United States has been about 700,000, but it has not been a net gain of that size by any means. On the contrary, there has been a heavy offsetting emigration from Canada to the vastly more populous and more richly endowed country to the southward. The balance has been in favor of the Dominion, especially in the last five or six years, but the margin has not been anything like the gross immigration received from the United States.

Meanwhile the immigration obtained by the Dominion from continental Europe has been quite different from the immigration the United States has attracted from the same sources. There has been much less from Italy and relatively more from Austria-Hungary. The immigration from Norway and Sweden has been larger in Canada than in this country, relatively to the number of arrivals from Germany and Russia.

In these differences the effect of climate can be traced quite clearly. Canada is most favored by nationalities accustomed to a good deal of cold weather at home, the English exception to this rule being explained largely by national pride and interest in the devlopemtnt of the Dominion as a part of the British empire.

France, with a practically stationary population and a albored market which draws upon Belgium, Italy and Switzerland, sends out but few emigrants anywhere, and Canada receives only an insignificant number. In 10 years but 16,000 French immigrants have entered the Dominion, which is equivalent to about 1,600 annually.

The net result of this mixed but still one-sided immigration is that the French element in the Dominion is growing rapidly weaker in proportion to the English-speaking mapority. Canada is becoming more strongly Protestant in religion. The country is more closely connected by blood, every year, with the United States and it is brought more and more under American influence.

The Dominion tends to become less Irish, less French, less German, though it never had many German residents. It is growing more American and relatively more English and more Scotch. In the booming provinces of the northwest the great growth is especially American, especially separate from the French element, which still dominates Quebec.

CHEERFUL LITTLE NEWS STORIES

NEW YORK'S BUSY MAYOR WANTS CHILDREN TO PLAY.

New York, August 16.—"Why shouldn't the boys play in the streets?"

That is, in effect, the question that Mayor Gaynor wants Mrs. Jessie F. Stearns of 857 East 156th street to answer him. Mrs. Stearns wrote to the mayor recently, objecting to making a playground of the streets. He wrote her as follows:

"Dear Madam—Your favor complaining of boys playing in the streets is at hand. You ask if a law could not be passed prohibiting boys playing in the streets, saying that it 'would be a blessing to humanity.' I might ask you whether if such a law were passed you think it could be enforced? Our boys have a hard time to get along in the crowded districts of the city. They must play somewhere. I went around to the recreation piers the other night and found a great number of them there, but they cannot all go there. We must bear with them. Have you any boys? If you had, do think you could keep them off the streets?

Very truly yours,
W. J. GAYNOR, Mayor.

ELEVEN THOUSAND CHILDREN ARE GOING TO SAVE ROBINS.

New York, August 16.—Mrs. Russell Sage, through the National Association of Audubon societies, has started the distribution of 200,000 pamphlets describing the various native song birds, in particular the robin, in whose protection she is deeply interested.

As a result of Mrs. Sage's efforts for the preservation of native songsters 533 Junior Audubon classes were formed last year in twelve states with an enrollment of 11,000 members.

Each child who joins a class receives a number of leaflets about the birds and an Audubon button and each class receives a subscribtion to Bird Lore.

In three yars Mrs. Sage has given $5,000 to promote a crusade in protection of the robin. Seven states in the Union have no law for the protection of song birds for the entire year, an open season being the custom and it was formerly possible in southern cities to market robins at prices ranging from 5 to 10 cents a dozen.

BOY RESIGNS SO THAT OLD MAN MAY GET HIS JOB.

Kansas City, August 16.—Dear Dad—I have resigned. Will send you a man to take my place. Max.

W. R. Childs, Kansas City, Kan., postmaster, found that note on his desk when he returned from lunch yesterday. It was written by his son, Max, 14 years old. Max had been employed at the postoffice as a carrier of special delivery letters. His father had seen him at breakfast, but he had not mentioned that he was going to "resign" his position. Mr. Childs hunted in vain for his son all afternoon.

Charles Atherton, 72 years old, entered Mr. Child's office at 5 o'clock. He informed the postmaster that Max had given him a job and told him to come to the postoffice to begin work. About the same time the telephone on Mr. Child's desk rang and his wife informed him that Max was at home begging her not to let her husband refuse to put Atherton to work. Mr. Childs didn't. He swore Atherton in as a special delivery carrier. Atherton is an old soldier. He has carried messages for the Western Union Telegraph compnay two years at a "salary" of $15 a month. His present work will pay an average of $50 per month.

THE JUDGE REMEMBERED WHEN HE WAS A KID, TOO.

Kansas City, August 16.—They were going for a swim, but when Arthur Street, George Himes, Artie Layland and Arthur Townsley passed Gus Brown's melon patch, near Independence, they put off the swim long enough to help themselves to Brown's appetizing melons. Brown caught them. J. A. Brightman, the juvenile officer of Independence, brought them before Judge Porterfield yesterday.

"Never, never did I steal a melon when I was a boy," Brightman suggested to the judge. "Maybe they ought to be taught a lesson."

Judge Porterfield cleared his throat and, peering over his spectacles, replied: "Well, you are different from the judge of this court, then. When I way back in West Virginia we used to —— Get out of here, boys. Get out. Don't steal any more melons."

"Thank you, judge," the four said.

ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER XIX.

The Two Reports.

After dinner the young men settled themselves in the library. Stumph served their coffee and they renewed their acquaintance with the Greek tobacco. After a little time there came a knock upon the door.

"Come," called Ashton-Kirk.

A short man with remarkable breadth of shoulder and depth of chest entered; he was smooth shaven and salient of jaw and wore the air of one who was not easily balked in anything that he undertook.

"How are you, Burgess?" said the investigator.

"Good evening," returned Burgess. He advanced and laid some neatly folded sheets at the elbow of his employer. "Fuller was busy and I thought I'd bring these in myself. It's my report on Hume."

"Ah, thank you."

Ashton-Kirk took up the sheets and began running his eye through them. "As you get deeper into this record, did Hume keep his promise?"

Burgess smiled.

"As to possibilities, do you mean? Why, yes. Indeed, I rather think he exceeded them." The man lit the cigar which the investigator handed him and drew at it appreciatively. "I went it alone on the first day; but after that I took O'Neil and Purvis on. Between us we managed to get at something pretty definite."

"Has Fuller finished with Morris?"

"He is typing his report at this moment. It will be ready in a half hour, I should think."

"Please tell him to bring it in as soon as it is finished."

Burgess nodded and went out. Ashton-Kirk continued to dip into the report here and there.

"Among three of them," said Pendleton, "they should have sifted the man's life and adventures pretty well."

As Ashton-Kirk continued to scan the pages, a peculiar expression slowly came into his eyes.

"They seem to have done so, indeed. And rather cleverly, too, I think. Would you care to hear the report?"

"By all means," eagerly.

The sheets were shifted into their proper order once more. Then Ashton-Kirk read:

" 'A Further Investigation Into the Affairs of David Purtell Hume.

" 'No record was to be had of Hume, beyond his settlement in the city in 1899. People in the same line of business were questioned closely; and those who knew anything of him at all clung to the idea that he was an American who had lived for many years abroad.

" 'So we had another look at the old passenger lists of the steamships; but this time we went further back. We knew that the simple ruse of a fictitious name would cover Hume completely; but it seemed the only thing to do and we set at it systematically. In the records of the steamer Baltic of the Netherlands Steamship Co., for the year 1897, we came upon the name of "D. Purtell." Without much hope of learning anything definite after such a lapse of time, I inquired after this passenger.

" 'Luck was with us in the shape of an old clerk with a long memory. He faintly recalled something of the man, and after some talk got out still another book. And there it was! D. Purtell, so it seemed, had been involved in an attempt to smuggle a quantity of diamonds.

" 'Our next step was to visit the customs people. Their records were very complete. They even had a portrait of Purtell which proved him to have been Hume beyond a doubt. Only a trifle of evidence had been secured against him—not enough to convict—and they were forced to release him. This seems to have been Hume's specialty.

" 'However, through the customs services of other countries, they had learned quite a lot about him. The authorities of Holland, Spain and France knew him as one of the leading spirits in a system of smuggling that had been going on for years. Once Hume had been located in Antwerp, once at Hamburg, and for a long time at Bayonne. This system of contraband had been broken up just before he had been arrested by the United States service. A number of the criminals had been convicted; but Hume, with his usual luck, had escaped once more, because of lack of evidence against him.

" 'Nothing could be learned of the movements of Hume between his arrest on the Baltic and his location here as a dealer in the curiosities of art. And after his going into business here, he kept to himself a great deal.

" 'But the drink habit caused him to frequent certain resorts, and it was at one of these that he first met Richard Morris, father to Allan Morris!' "

"Ah!" said Pendleton. "So Hume knew Morris's father."

"I asked Fuller, in giving him his instructions, to have this fact established, if he could," said Ashton-Kirk. "That both Hume and the elder Morris were heavy drinkers caused me to think it possible."

"Is that all there is to the report?"

"Almost." The investigator turned to the pages once more, and proceeded: " 'Hume and the elder Morris became quite intimate and were often seen together. But what it was that formed the bond between them, no one knows, unless it be a deaf mute named Locke, who was frequently seen in their society and who seemed upon close terms with both. But within a year after their first meeting, Hume broke with Morris. This must have been serious, for it caused a marked enmity to spring up between them. A number of people recall that Richard Morris frequently made threats against the other—threats of personal violence and also of the law. But before anything could come of these, if he really meant them, he died.

" 'Thinking that Locke might be able to throw some light on this phase of the case, we have endeavored to locate him. Up to this time we have met with no success; but we hope to learn something of him at an early date.' "

Ashton-Kirk laid the sheets down upon the table.

"There follows a list of the names of the people who have supplied this information and their addresses," said he. "Burgess is very thorough in his work."

"Outside the fact that Hume was a scoundrel—which we knew before—and that he was acquainted with Locke and Allan Morris's father, what does this report tell you?"

There was discontent in Pendleton's voice as he asked this question, and the investigator smiled as he made answer:

"That Hume knew the elder Morris supplies us with a theory as to the possible part which the younger Morris has taken in this drama. Whatever passed between Hume and the father has probably been taken up by the son."

"Why, yes," said Pendleton. "I hadn't thought of that."

"Another thing," added Ashton-Kirk: "The report has swung like the needle of a compass, and indicated a fact that my imagination suggested days ago."

"And that is——"

"That Hume once lived in the French town of Bayonne."

Pendleton frowned impatiently.

"I don't know what ever made you imagine that," he said. "But now that you find that it is so, of what service is it?"

"We will speak of that later," answered Ashton-Kirk.

Pendleton was about to say something more, but just then Fuller knocked and entered.

"The report on Allan Morris," said he.

"Ah, thanks." The investigator took the compactly typed sheets, and then he continued: "Tell Burgess that he need not bother about the man Locke whom he mentions. Say that I have already located him."

"Very well," and Fuller left the room.

For a space there was no sound save that which came from the street and the rustle of the pages as Ashton-Kirk went through them.

"Well," asked Pendleton, finally. "What now?"

"Morris," replied his friend, "does not develop like Hume. Fuller suspected that he'd prove colorless, and so it has turned out. However, I'll read what he says. It's headed:

" 'A Second Report on Allan Morris

" 'A very careful inquiry failed to uncover anything in connection with this young man's personal affairs that was not mentioned in my first report on the same subject. He has led a very even, uneventful life, attending strictly to business and making every movement count in the direction of distinction as a marine engineer.

" 'However, there has been something in his manner for the last few years that has attracted the attention of those who knew him best or came in contact with him. This took the various forms of eagerness or manner, irritability, long fits of reveries, a feverish desire for work. At his place of business I learned that he has for some time had a deep interest in the reports of the patent office. His clerks say that he'd read these for hours at a time; one of them told me of how he (the clerk) once forgot to call Morris's attention to the report until the day after its arrival. Morris has always been very tolerant with his employes, but that day he burst out in a fury and threatened to discharge them all.

"'Richard Morris, father to Allan, was a most erratic genius, as my first report indicated? His proceller, his smoke-consumer, and his automatic brake were valuable commercial properties, but had all slipped from his control. Toward the end of his life he engaged in the perfection of an invention of which he talked a great deal and of which he declared that he alone would reap the benefit.

"'As Burgess will already have told you, Richard Morris knew Hume. The latter was a frequent visitor to a shop which the inventor maintained in the outskirts, as was the mute Locke. I have talked with an old mechanic who worked for Morris at the time; he told me that the inventor had made a stubborn fight against the drink habit and seemed likely to conquer it up to the time that he became acquainted with Hume. After this, however, he became as much a slave to it as ever. The invention, or whatever it was, never got beyond the paper stage; for thereafter Richard Morris spent his days in sleep and his nights at the once famous Coffin Club.'"

Ashton-Kirk arose eagerly.

"There is more," said he, "but it is scarcely of interest." Placing the report upon the table, he added: "You have heard of the Coffin Club, Pen?"

"Of course. It met in an underground place somewhere, didn't it? And if I remember right, it was fitted up like the Cafe Au Mort in Paris.'

"Something of the sort." The investigator went to a huge card system and pulled out a drawer labeled "TO." "But I recall it best by the steward whose philosophy and Irish turns of speech were so frequently quoted by the newspapers during the heydey of the establishment. Can you recall his name?"

"I know whom you mean,' answered Pendleton, "but the name has slipped me.'

Ashton-Kirk paused in the fingering of the cards.

"It was Tobin," said he. "It came to me that it was, but I wanted to be sure." He pushed the drawer into place, looked at his friend inquiringly, and added: "Suppose we go around to the 'Rangnow' and see him?"

CHAPTER XX.

One of the Old Sort.

Pendleton looked at his friend in bewilderment.

"You dont' mean to say that the philosopher of the Coffin Club and this Tobin of young Morris's are the same,' cried he.

"I only think they are,' said Ashton-Kirk quietly. "But we can make sure by paying a short visit to the apartment house."

"Now?"

"There is no time like the present."

And so the end of a half hour found them stepping out of a cab at the extreme west end of the city. It was only a little after nine o'clock, but the streets were almost deserted; the arc-lamps clicked and hissed lonesomely; rows of darkened windows and shadowy doorways ran away on both sides.

"There is the place we want," said the investigator, pointing at an illuminated sign which hung out over the sidewalk some little distance away.

Here they saw a dozen or more men seated in tilted chairs; all wore their hats and for the most part smoked cigars. Behind a polished counter on which rested a nickeled cash register and a huge book, stood a white-haired man with a smooth Irish face and a pair of gold eyeglasses hanging by a black cord. The air was heavy with disputation; long-tailed words boomed sonorously; red-faced and earnest, one of the occupants of the chairs assailed the man behind the counter; with soft, sweeping, eloquent gestures the latter defended himself.

"And what," demanded he, placing his hands upon the shining top of the counter and shoving his head forward inquiringly, "is all this that we do be hearing about your suffragette? Who is she? What is she? The newspapers are filled to the top with her but sorra the sight of her did I ever see. If she has any existence outside of the comic supplement, gentlemen, I'd like to have ye show me where. Did ye ever hear a whisper of her till she began to send herself by registered mail and chain herself to lamp posts? Niver the one of ye! Is your wife a suffragette? She's not. Is your mother? No. Your sister? Again it's no. Then who is it that composes the great army of female ballot seekers? Is it the cook? The chambermaid? The woman that does the plain sewing? I'll wager 'tis not. They have too much to do already; it's not looking for additional burdens they are. Then where does this advanced woman flourish and have her being?" Here one hand went up and descended with a slap. "In the mansions of the rich," he declaimed positively; "in the lap of luxury. Among the feminine descendants af successful gum shoe men!"

Here the man with the flushed face attempted to speak; but an eloquent sweep of both hands silenced him.

"They have nothing to do," stated the orator, "but to invent ways of pleasing themselves. Monkey dinner parties, diamonds, automobiles and boxes on the grand tier have no more attraction; private yachts and other women's husbands have grown passe. They want a new toy, and faith, nothing will please them but the destinies of the nation. Their reasoning is simple and direct. If a man who wheels scrap iron at a blast furnace is competent to handle the——"

At this point the speaker was interrupted by Ashton-Kirk advancing to the counter.

"Pardon me," said the investigator,' "but can you tell me where I can find Mr. Tobin? Is he in?"

A look of great dignity came upon the face of the other, as he drew himself up stiffly.

"You are speaking to him, sir," replied he.

"I thought so," smiled Ashton-Kirk. "My old friend Dan O'Connor has mentioned you so often that I recognized the manner."

The dignity vanished from Mr. Tobin's face, and the stiffness of demeonor fell from him instantly.

"Do you know Dan?" asked he eagerly. "Ah, there is the lad for you. A credit to his country and to his name. Faith, he is the best judge of whisky in the city and has a heart as large and as mellow as a barrel of it."

"If it would not be putting you about in any way, we'd like a few moments in private with you."

At once Mr. Tobin touched a button. A young man presented himself, and to him the conducting of the house was transferred for the time being. Then the two friends were led into a small sitting-room, where chairs were placed for them, and Mr. Tobin seated himself opposite them with some expectation.

"Since I became manager here," explained he, "I seldom hear from any of the old lads. Ye see, it's so far from the center of the city," regretfully, "they seldom get along this way, so they do."

"Yes, I suppose they cling to their old haunts," said Ashton-Kirk. "Dan sticks to his school of boxing these days, pretty closely. I often drop in for a round or two with him. He's as clever as ever, but he's slowing up."

Tobin shook his white head sadly.

"Tut, tut, tut," said he. "And do you tell me that! Faith, he's a young man yet—not much over 60—and what call have he to be takin' on the ways and manners of age? Even as late as the last year of the Coffin club he was as swift as the light."

"He frequently spoke of that club to me," observed the other. "A queer place, I understand."

Tobin nodded.

"Queer enough," he answered, "and the members was as queer in some ways. Nothing would do them, but they must spend their time underground, sitting at tables shaped like coffins and drinking their liquor out of mugs shaped like skulls. I was steward there a long time and got good pay; but I never approved of the notion. It always seemed like divilment to me, did that."

"Some very well known people frequented it, did they not?"

"Many's the time I've seen the governor of the state himself, sitting there with a mug in his fist. The liquors was of the best, do you see," with a pleased light in his eyes. "I know that, for it were meself that selected them. And a good sup of drink is a great attraction, so it is."

"I don't think that can be successfully denied," admitted the investigator. "Some very brilliant men have proved it to their sorrow."

"True for ye," said Tobin. "Don't I know it? We had actors and writers and editors—the cream of their professions and every one of them a devotee, so to speak, of Bacchus. Sure, the finer the intellect, the greater the sup of drink appeals to them, if it does at all. One of the greatest frequenters of the club was a man whose inventions," with a grandiloquent gesture, "revolutionized the industries of the world. And when he was mellow with it, boys o' boys, but he could discourse! His name was Morris," added the speaker, "and he was the father of the young man whose name has been mixed up with this Hume affair, which is so occupying the public mind just now."

"Indeed."

There was a pause. Tobin's mobile face looked back upon the past; his eyes had an introspective light in them.

"To think," said he, "how the natures of men differ. Some are like the gods of old, and other again are like—well, like anything you choose to call them. And yet," with philosophic speculation, "these two widely diversified types are sometimes friends. To the surprise of every-one they occasionally take up with one another. It's hard to say why, but it is so."

"I've noticed it myself," said Ashton-Kirk.

Tobin nodded.

"Never," said he, "did I see it so exemplified as in the case of Richard Morris and this felly who has just been killed. Never were two men more unlike; but sorra such an intimacy did I ever see afore, as there was between them. Morris when he had the drink in him was a poet. His ideas soared to the starry skies; he flew about upon the wings of the wind; faith I believe he thought the sun was not beyond his reach. But Hume was a divil! God save us, that I should say the like about any human creature; but he had the imp in him, for many's the time I see it grinning and looking out at his two eyes."

"I've heard it said that he was an unpleasant sort of chap," agreed the other.

"Unpleasant," said Tobin, "does not do credit to his capabilities, though 'tis a good word enough. There was never a man came into the Coffin Club, during the five years that I were there, that looked as though the place fitted him, but Hume. The others were like bad little boys who wouldn't take a dare. But Hume was just right. To see him lift one of the stone skulls to his lips and grin over it at you, would make your blood run cold. And bless us and save us, gentlemen, how he would jeer and snarl and laugh all at the one time. Many's the time I've listened to poor Morris rave and paint his pictures of what he was going to do in times to come; and on the other side of the coffin-table, Hume would urge him on, leerin' and grinnin' like Satan himself, and making all manner of game of him. Bedad, me gorge rise at it more than once, and it was all that I could do to keep from takin' him by the scruff of the neck and throwin' him intil the street."

"Almost every man has some spark of good in his nature, however faint," said Ashton-Kirk. "And Hume may have had one, too, though no one seems to have discovered it."

Tobin smiled and returned:

"An Irishman always has a good deal of respect for the fighting strain, no matter if it be in a man, or a beast, or a bird. Old Nick himself must be a grand, two-handed man, and as such we must give him credit. And 'twas the same way with this felly Hume. He had real fighting blood, so he had; and sorra the man ever undertook to impose on him the second time."

"And as a true Celt, you held this to be a credit mark," laughed Ashton-Kirk.

"I did. And, indeed, he seemed to consider it so himself, though he was not one to care a snap what others thought of him. But often he'd boast of the stock he came from. Fighters they were to the core, he said, fighters who never knew when they were whipped, and who'd go on fighting while they had a leg to stand on, an eye to see, and an arm to strike a blow."

Tobin here paused and stroked his smooth-shaven chin, reflectively.

"He claimed descent from someone who was rated a real man in his day," he continued. "'Twas an officer, I think, who fought with—faith, yes," smiling in recollection, "at the side of sorra the one less than Washington himself."

Pendleton, listening with dwindling interest, saw Ashton-Kirk's hand clench, and saw a gleam shoot into his eyes. Then he saw him bend toward Tobin, his elbows on his knees, his clenched hands beneath his chin.

"Oh," said the investigator, and his voice was calmer than Pendleton remembered ever hearing it before, "he claimed a pedigree, did he? And from a revolutionary officer. Such things are always interesting. It's a pity you can't remember the soldier's name."

Tobin pondered.

"I can't," confessed he, at length; "but there is one thing that I remember hearing Hume tell about him; it seemed laughable at the time, and I suppose that's why it's stuck to me. It seems that the supposed ancestor were a great felly for dress, and expected the like of all the men under him; and though he often had niver a crust of bread to put into their mouths, he always managed to have a pinch of white powder for them to dress their hair."

"That," said he, "sounds amusing enough to be true. Mr. Hume's ancestor was at least consistent. But," and his tone changed, "we must not keep you from your duties, Mr. Tobin, and so we'll get to the matter in hand."

"If it is not hurrying you," agreed Tobin.

"A while ago," spoke Ashton-Kirk, "you mentioned young Allan Morris; and during your conversation you have led me to think that you were his father's friend."

"I were," said Tobin. "He were a decent man."

"Then perhaps your friendship extends to the son as well."

"Perhaps it does," and a note of perceptible caution crept into Tobin's voice.

"I am glad to hear it," said the investigator. "He seems badly in need of friends of the right sort just now; and I am confident, Mr. Tobin, that you are of that sort."

"A man who has disappeared as completely as this one has done," stated Tobin, "is out of the reach of even the best of friends."

"Have you not heard from him since the murder?"

"No," replied the other with a readiness that carried conviction.

"Then you will, and before long." Ashton-Kirk arose and stood looking into the old man's face. "Perhaps it will be tonight; but it will be by tomorrow night at latest. And when you do you can best show your friendship for him by telling him not to be a fool."

"You mean," said Tobin, shrewdly, "that I'm to advise him to give over hiding?"

"Exactly."

"I'll do that willingly enough, if I hear of him. An innocent man has no call to hide himself like a rat. But," inquiringly, "after I tell him that, what will I do?"

Ashton-Kirk took out a card; handing it to the other, he said:

"Ask him to come see me."

Tobin gave the card one glance, then his face lit up and his hand went out.

"Let me shake your hand, sir," said he. "And I'll tell the lad what you say with a heart and a half."

(To be Continued.)

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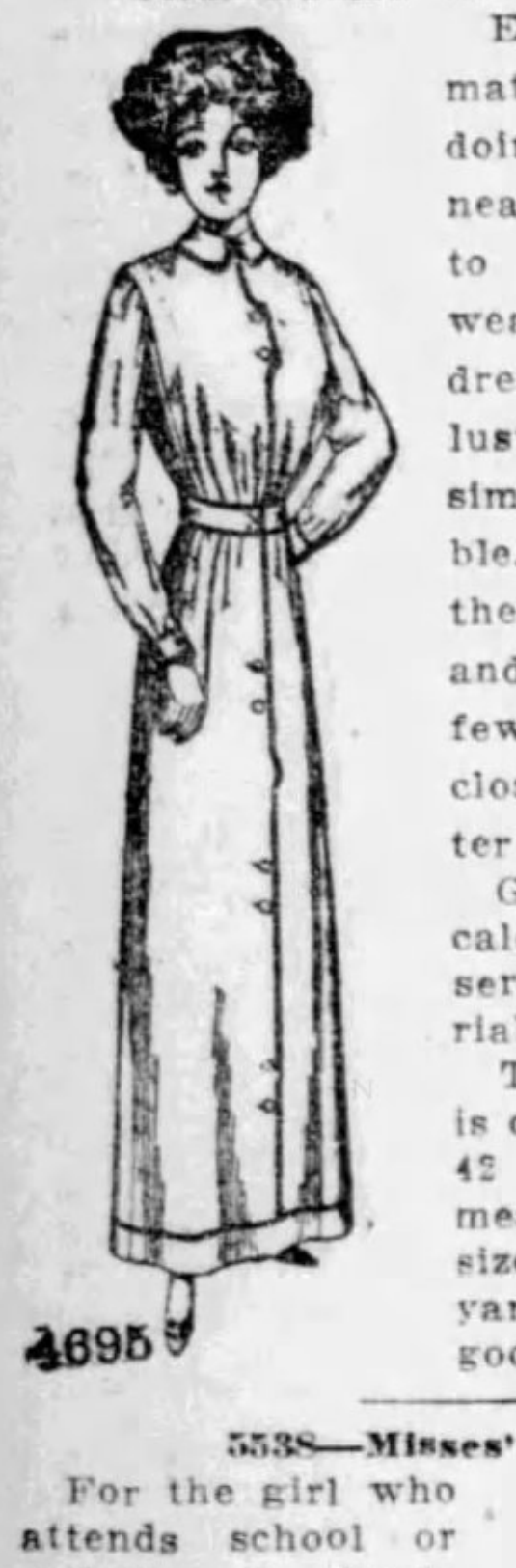
4695—Ladies' House Dress.


4695

Every woman, no matter what she is doing ought to look neat. The best way to be tidy is to wear a one-piece dress. The one illustrated is the simplest one possible. The waist is in the Gibson effect and the skirt has a few gathers. It closes in the center front.

Gingham or percale is the most serviceable material.

The pattern 4695 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 9¼ yards of 24-inch goods.

5538—Misses' Dress.

5538

For the girl who attends school or college a simple dress like this will be most welcome.

The new Quaker collar trisms the neck, the sleeves are of kimono cut and the three-piece skirt may be finished with or without a bias band.

Serge, cashmere-panama and similar fabrics are suitable.

The pattern, 5538, is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material with 1½ yard additional of contrasting material if made without the band.

5559—Ladies' Three-Piece Skirt.

5559

Detachable or detached panels are much worn on the new skirts; they are both novel and stylish.

The illustration shows one of the newest skirts in this style and the panels may be omitted if preferred.

Satin, silk, cloth, panama, zibeline, pongee or linen will be appropriate for this style.

The pattern, 5559, is cut in sizes 22 to 30-inch waist measure. Medium size requires 3⅝ yards of 44-inch material with panels, 2⅞ yards of 44 inch without them.

4683—Boys' Blouse Waist.

4683

This blouse is plain except for the double - breasted closing in front and this has the edges stitched so as to give the appearance of a tailored edge. The back has not even a yoke to break its surface. The shirt sleeves are finished with the regulation cuffs, which are intended to be worn with cuff buttons.

Gngham, percale, madras and a number of other wash material may be used in making this blouse.

The pattern 4683 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. The 8-year size requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material

3866—Ladies' Shirtwaist.

3866

No woman need complain that she has not time nor skill to make her own shirtwaists when she can procure such a sweet and simple model as the one pictured.

The waist is high in the neck which is made with a band finish, so that either collars or the stock may be worn with it. The closing of the waist is in the centre of the front in the usual band. At each shoulder there is a group of short tucks in front. The back of the waist is plain, except for a few gathers at the belt.

The sleeve is slightly gathered at the armhole and tucked to make it fit the arm above the cuff.

Taffetas, percale, madras, linen or pongee and also cashmere and silk will be suitable materials for this waist.

The pattern, 3866, is cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 27-inch material.

3966—Ladies' Dressing Sacque.

3966

This dressing sacque takes very little material and often can be made from the pieces left over from dresses. For summer wear nothing cooler than lawn, and, if, instead of wearing a corset cover under it the wearer will put on a short chemise she need not wear the hot corset.

The pattern 3966 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material.

4830—One-Piece Kitchen Apron.

4830

This is an apron that really protects, and no matter what the wearer is doing her gown will not suffer.

The entire apron is cut in single piece, but in order to fit it a little to the figure a dart is run in under the arm at each side. The apron is cut out quite deep around the yoke line and the armhole is also large. The fastening is effected by a single button just at the line of the shoulders in the back.

Gingham is the material best liked for real utility aprons, and it is best adapted to this one. The edges may be hemmed or bound with some cheap cotton braid matching the gingham in color. There are a number of white calicoes with a marked design that make pretty aprons, though less serviceable.

The pattern 4830 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3 yards of 36-inch material.

1252—Girls' Petticoat.

1252

This petticoat for little girls is made with a plain, fitted waist, shaped by shoulder and underarm seams. To this is attached the rather full skirt portion, and both are fastened in the center of the back. The lower edge of the petticoat may be trimmed with a gathered ruffle or the entire skirt may be of embroidered flouncing.

Among the plain materials none is better liked than long cloth, nor is this expensive. It comes in many widths.

The pattern 1252 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of flouncing 23 inches wide, or of plain goods 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material.

5345—Girls' Dress.

5345

The dress which closes in front has many advantages, for a busy woman cannot always be interrupted to fasten or loosen the little frocks.

This example has the Gibson effect at the shoulders and is high at the neck. The sleeves are full length, but of course may be shortened to taste.

The skirt is pleated all round and the fastening is placed at one side at the center front panel.

For a school dress this model will be excellent if made of good serviceable serge. It may also be made of challis, cashmere, cheviot, linen or gingham of good body.

The pattern 5345 is cut in sizes 6 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2½ yards of 44-inch material.

5308—Girls' Dress.

5308

The model illustrated has the small sleeve cut in with the body of the waist and the outline of the yoke is trimmed with a band in fanciful outline. The edge of the sleeve is also trimmed. The short skirt is pleated all around and the opening of the waist and skirt is in the center back. The pattern provides a guimpe and sleeves.

Challis, cashmere, cheviot, plaid and striped fabrics will be pretty for this dress.

The pattern 5308 is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 2⅜ yards of 44-inch material and ⅝ yard of 27-inch contrasting goods with 1⅛ yards of 36-inch goods for the guimpe and sleeves.

5540—Ladies' Coat Sleeves.

5540

By altering the sleeves of last year's coat we often succeed in saving the price of a new garment. The models illustrated herewith show the two styles in vogue, one with a little fullness at the shoulder, the other with no fullness whatever.

All coat materials, reversible cloth, tweed, cheviot, broadcloth and the like are appropriate.

The pattern, 5540, is cut in sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires for the plain sleeves ¾ of a yard of material 44 or more inches wide; for the gathered sleeve ¾ of a yard of 50-inch material and 1 yard of braid.

4142—Ladies' Corset Cover.

4142

The corset cover is one of the most expensive of all articles of underwear to buy, and it is one of the cheapest to make at home. Probably its cost in shops is due to the care with which it should be made.

We show a style which is very simple and if made of flouncing there will be no finishing to do around the neck outline. A single seam in the center of the back unites the two parts and there must, of course be a band for buttons down the center of the front.

In addition to flouncing, cambric and long cloth will make up nicely in this style.

The pattern 4142 is cut in sizes 32 to 44 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 yards of 16-inch flouncing.

The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Will some reader please tell me what is the matter with my chickens? They are dying very fast, some of them turning blind before expiring. They fall down, stretch out their legs and die instantly. If you pick one up and shake it the feathers will fall out. Others linger a day or two before dying. I would like to have a remedy.—R., Hamburg, Ia.

Can someone who reads the Farmstead inform me how to keep celery until spring when it is fully grown in the fall?—P., Dresser Junction, Wis.

RIPENED WATERMELONS

W., Menlo, Ia.—I see that you wish to know how to find out when watermelons are ripe. If you snap the sole of your shoe with your finger a flat sound will be heard. Snap the watermelon the same way and if the sound is the same the melon is ripe, while of the melon is green there will be more of a ring to the sound.—R., Quincy, Mich.

THE SANITARY PRIVY

Of great importance to human life is good health, which cannot be preserved if the sanitary conditions in and about living quarters are bad. Among the worst conditions to be found about any home is a soil that has become polluted. The secretary of agriculture has published a bulletin which treats of such soil pollution and certain simple plans for avoiding it.

Soil pollution by human excreta endangers the health of a family. It is possible by the expenditure of a few dollars for a sanitary privy to prevent this soil pollution, enabling the family to live, year after year, on the same premises without endangering its members' health.

A number of widely prevalent diseases have been spread by means of polluted soils, simply because the facts have not been widely known, and it is to bring needed information on this subject to the dwellers on all farms and the residents of every village without a proper sewerage system that Farmers' Bulletin 463 has been issued and is now ready for distribution to anyone who makes application to either the secretary of agriculture, a senator or representative in congress.

Full information, with illustrations, estimates of cost and plans for constructing the sanitary outhouses, is contained in the pamphlet. Directions are given as to how to keep a privy sanitary and how to properly dispose of night soil.

"In the United States about 400,000 persons suffer from, and about 35,000 die from typhoid each year; over 2,000,000 persons have hookworm disease. Thousands of these deaths and many thousands of these cases of disease might be prevented by the use of sanitary privies.

"Although there may be no soil pollution upon one's own premises, his children may be exposed to all the dangers at the schools which they attend, and the entire family may be so exposed when they attend church, unless these schools and churches are provided with these sanitary conveniences. Lack of sanitary privies on neighbors' farms may also be responsible for cases of typhoid and infections on farms which are provided with proper outhouses, because disease germs may be carried for considerable distances by flies, by animals, by the feet of persons, by wagon wheels and by drainage from one farm to another.

"In view of these well established facts, it is evident that among the highest duties that rest upon a farmer or dweller in a country village is not only to have a sanitary privy on his own premises, but to insist that the pollution of soil be prevented throughout the entire neighborhood."

USES OF EGGS

Eggs are valuable remedies for many troubles. For burns they may be used in the following ways: The white of the egg simply used is a varnish to exclude the air, or the white beaten for a time with a tablespoonful of fresh lard, till a little water separates. Another excellent remedy is a mixture of the yolks of eggs with glycerin, equal parts put in a bottle and corked tightly. Shake the bottle before using. It will keep for some time in a cool place. For inflamed eyes or eyelids use the white of an egg beaten up to froth with two tablespoonfuls of rose water. Apply on a fine rag, changing as it grows dry; or stir two drams of powdered alum into the beaten whites of two eggs till a coagulum is formed. Place between the fold of soft linen rag and apply to the eyes. For a boil the skin of a boiled egg is good. Moisten it and apply. It will draw off the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours. To cleanse the hair and promote its growth, rub the yolk of an egg well into the scalp and rinse thoroughly with warm water."

PEAR BLIGHT

Pear blight is a disease of the apple and quince as well as of the pear. The bacteria that cause it flourish in the inner bark and cambium regions, causing the death of the invaded area and also in the course of time, parts beyond.

Sometimes flowers and fruit are attacked and destroyed, giving the variations known as "blossom blight" and "fruit blight."

When larger limbs or trunks are affected, particularly in the case of the apple, an effect known as "blight canker" is produced.

The two ways in which the bacteria gain entrance to the plant tissues seem to be introduced into the nectar during blossoming, and by wounds, the last most frequently upon the tender bark of succulent shoots. Once having a foothold, the bacteria spread rapidly downward in the inner bark of shoot or fruit spur, finally reaching the larger limb from which it springs, and a complete girdling of the limb with consequent dying of all beyond is likely to result.

The spread is more rapid in the pear than in the apple. It is in the bark of the larger limbs that the bacteria seem to survive the winter more frequently than in the smaller twigs that are more subject to drying.

In spring, as the sap rises, the bacteria renew their growth and multiplication, and on warm, moist days dirty white drops of stocky fluid ooze out from cracks between healthy and diseased bark and stand on the surface.

Crawling insects readily take up on their feet some of this fluid teeming with blight bacteria and later innoculate tender twigs through minute punctures made by their claws or in feeding, or the insect may introduce the bacteria into the nectar of a flower, where they will multiply and from which they are easily carried to other flowers.

Blight can be controlled by giving careful attention to the prompt removal of infected parts. The trees should be inspected in fall or winter to get rid of blight cankers on trunk or large limbs. These should be cut out of the living bark with a knife, the wound washed with corrosive sublimate solution and if large painted with pure lead and oil paint. All smaller affected limbs should be cut off a foot below the line of dead bark.

Sometimes in exceptional seasons the trees will need to be inspected as often as once a week. But the more thoroughly the work is done at the outset the less burdensome and more economical from every viewpoint it becomes later.

Blight is not transported by the wind, but it is flying insects, especially those visiting flowers, and the more concerted the fight in any community the more quickly successful will be the control.

VIGOR IN FOWLS

There are two essentials for vigor. The first is comfort. Comfort means cleanliness, freedom from vermin, sanitary coops, with no drafts but perfect, ventilation, shade as well as sunshine in the yards, and a good dust bath to wallow in. Freedom from vermin means a vigorous and observant owner. Let me tell you that 75 per cent of the chickens that die of disease are killed by vermin. I will mention a few of these.

Yesterday I received a letter from a man saying: "I have some young chickens whose feathers are all ruffled up, and the chickens themselves are very weak. They have countless small bugs all over them. These bugs are so very small that it is nearly impossible to see them. They are of a lightish color, and literally swarm all over the chicks. What kind of bugs are they? Where do they come from? Are they the cause of the chickens being weak? What can I do to kill them at once?"

Mites killed his chickens. Mites kill many a setting hen, and they so weaken others that they cannot hatch out healthy chicks. Mites are the most pernicious and deadly of the pests. They not only cause intolerable itching, but they puncture the skin and suck the blood of their victims till the chickens, exhausted from misery and loss of blood, die.

One man told me that one day he found one mite, he did not think much about it, but in three days there were no less than 3,000,000 of them, and he had a big fight on his hands.

Lice are not quite so bad, but they injure the chickens' feathers, annoy the hens, prevent their laying, and carry diseases from hen to hen.

Fleas are almost as deadly as the mites. However, one man came to me on a fine September day, with the complaint that he had 700 fine Cornish Indian chicks and the fleas had killed 500 of them.

Ticks are as hard as anything to fight, but they can be killed as easily as bed bugs. To get vigor and to keep it you must get rid of and keep clear of all vermin.

Another item that comes under the head of "comfort" is freedom from drafts. Human beings, usually, are very susceptible to drafts. Some folks simply cannot sit or sleep in the house in a draft without getting neuralgia or headache, earache and a swollen face. It has the same effect on hens; influenza, swelled head and roup almost always commence with a draft—often combined with lice.

Comfort always means pure, fresh air, a clean roosting house and clean nests, besides shade in the yards as well as sunshine. A good place to wallow in, with freshly turned up earth, is a great invigorator and keeps the hens clean and healthy. It is their way of taking a bath, and it is absolutely cruel not to provide the earth bath for them.

The second essential is exercise. You know in the human family exercise is needed to keep the digestive and other organs healthy and active. You know how necessary exercise is to athletics, how they are forced to take even violent exercise in order to keep in training, and when one of them fails in some achievement it is credited to lack of training, lack of the necessary exercise.

So with fowls. They must have exercise to give them vigor, to keep them vigorous. The utility breeds are especially susceptible to the need of exercise. They are bred for a double purpose, first to lay plentifully, and secondly to be good table birds.

Fowls art like a good many human beings; they will not take the neces? sary exercise unless they are encouraged to do so or made to do so. The usual program is to give them a nice warm mash in the morning. This causes the birds to sit down or go on the perch and take a rest.

Why should they exercise? I have seen them so lazy they would not even take the trouble to dust themselves, but lie around until their owner brought them another meal. Work out of doors in the morning is invigorating and chickens should be encouraged to work early. The work of scratching is the proper exercise for hens. It invigorates the digestion, and, above all things, it develops the egg organs.

Do not think hens will scratch without some reward to them; they are not such fools as that. If their feed is put down where they can get it without work, of course they pick it up and will not trouble themselves in any way. Fowls in confinement must have encouragement to exercise and the best is to provide them with a deep scratching pen and scatter all the grain in that, buried under clean straw. By this means you will have vigorous fowls if you feed them the proper food.—Emma Stacey, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

THE GUINEA

For table use the guinea should be killed when young. The weight should not exceed a pound and a half. If properly dressed, a good price should be realized. As the wild game is sold with the feathers on, a better appearance probably would be made by shipping the guineas in the same condition. It gives them more of a natural look and there are always plenty of people who judge by looks. The poultry dealers of today have to cater to some classes that would rather have a good looking bird, whether it was the best kind for the purpose or not. They simply do not know how to judge poultry and until they learn the shippers will be compelled to cater to the demand in order to get the best prices.

BREEDING GILTS

I am frequently asked at what age the sow which is intended for breeding purposes should farrow her first litter.

There is a differenec of opinion in this matter. One custom is to breed her so that she will farrow her first litter at about one year old. The sow that farrows her first litter at one year of age should have been well fed up to the time and should receive liberal and judicious feeding during the second year of her life, or up to maturity.

Sows that are bred early do not look as well or reach maturity as soon, and, indeed, some never do get as large as sows of the same litter that are not bred so early.

On the other hand, sows that are allowed to get big before breeding sometimes do not get with pig easily and become shy breeders.

When one is raising hogs for fattening purposes only they can be bred at a much earlier age than if they are to be kept as breeders. When they are bred early and do not have large or good litters of pigs they can be fattened off with their first litters at a good profit.

I find, also, that where the gilt is bred at too early an age she does not farrow as many pigs and does not raise them all in many cases, as an older sow will. But they will often farrow more in the second litter and, outside of their growth being stopped and often becoming stunted, they prove to be valuable sows.

One objection to early breeding is that it affects the development of the sow and this is not without force, but by liberal breeding it may be overcome to an extent sufficient to make it less objectionable than allowing her to farrow her first litter when as old as 18 months, as some advocate.

My experience is that when a sow is started to breeding she should never be allowed to stop, but should, if possible, be made to produce two litters a year, or at least two litters every 14 months. If allowed to stop for a time trouble is too often experienced in getting her to breed again.

Gilts bred to farrow at 13 or 15 months old, if properly fed, develop better the capacity to consume large quantities of feed and turn it into milk than those allowed to run until 20 months old before producing a litter.

If you are raising hogs for pork and not for breeding purposes, my advice is to breed the gilt at from 10 to 12 months of age, and keep her steadily producing two litters every 12 or 14 months thereafter, as long as she is used as a brood sow.

If hogs are kept for breeding purposes it is well to have a few gilts to be bred at a later date and let them attain more size so buyers may see how they mature. The way they are fed may affect the time they may be bred, since gilts fed on a balanced ration will get large quicker and may be ready to breed several months before those fed a ration either too wide or too narrow.—R. M. Wells, Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

DEHORNING CATTLE

In the ordinary business dairy herd there are many reasons why animals should be dehorned. Dehorned cows give better results than cows with horns—simply because they are more peaceable and do not fear one another. At one time the cows needed their horns for protection, but in this age they are cared for and have no use for their weapons. They often do a great deal of harm by injuring members of the herd and making attacks on people.

The only case where it is advisable to leave the horns is when raising high-class animals that are likely to be used for show purposes. In the show ring the animals with horns have a better chance for prizes than those animals that have been dehorned.

The best time to dehorn an animal is when it is only a few days old by using caustic potash. But after the horns have made a fair growth they can best be cut off with the saw or clippers. The animals should be fastened securely in a position where the operator can get at the horns. The best method for fastening the animals is to put it in a chute built for this purpose. In sawing or clipping the horn care should be taken to cut deep enough or the horn will grow out again.

The clipping should be deep enough to include a ring of skin and hair, and the base of the horn that is amputated should show a ring of hair. As soon as the horn is cut off some disinfectant should be used on the fresh cut. Pine tar or some of the coal tar dips are good for this purpose. Dehorning should be done in the late fall or early spring; at this time the weather is moderate and the flies do not bother the animals.

The reason often given for not dehorning dairy cows is that it will cause them to fall off in their milk flow. If the cows are properly cared for after they are dehorned they will soon recover from the shock of dehorning and the decrease of milk flow will not be so apparent as often is thought.

Twelve cows in the heard at the Kansas State Agricultural college were recently dehorned and a record of the milk production of each cow was kept before and after dehorning. The total production of the 12 cows for five days before dehorning amounted to 1,142 pounds of milk. The total production of the 12 cows for a period of five days after dehorning was 1,100.7 pounds of milk. The total decrease in milk for the 12 cows during the above period was 40.8 pounds.

The daily loss for each cow for five days was only .69 pounds, or about one-half pint. Two of the cows made more milk during the five days before dehorning; the other 10 produced less milk after dehorning. On the fifth day after dehorning all except two cows were producing an equal quantity and some produc more than they did the day befo they were dehorned.—O. E. Re Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

TO MAKE CISTERNS

The department of agriculture sa Underground cisterns may be bu in any shape desired. For the sa amount of concrete round cister (with a depth equal to the diamet will hold the most water. Howev since round forms are not easy frame, most cisterns are made squa To illustrate the usual method building, consider the construction a cistern 8 by 8 feet in the clear, w walls eight inches thick, and with capacity of 121 barrels. Before beg ning the work have all the materi on hand, silghtly more than require

Locate the cistern in the most co venient place. Since the walls are eig inches thick lay out the hole 9 feet inches square. The concrete bottom 6 inches thick. Therefore dig the to the depth of 8 feet 6 inches. Si the concrete cover or platform will five inches thick, the top of the c tern should be 5 inches above t ground. If the earth walls stand fi only an inside form will be neede otherwise make a similar form for t outside of the walls. This form shou be built, each side separately, prev ous to digging the pit, so that it m be quickly erected and the cistern fi ished before a possible shower mak the hole muddy. For siding use on inch boards on 2 by 4 inch upright spaced two feet. As soon as the ho is dug set up the forms on 6-in cubes of bricks of concrete with on inch removable wedges, between t forms and the bricks.

The side wall forms will later su port the platform on which the co crete cover will be built; and unle these wedges are used the forms w bind and be difficult to remove. Jo the forms at the corners so that th can be easily taken down after t cistern is finished. Against the eart en walls, and braced to the insi forms set one-inch boards 12 inch wide so as to prevent the dirt fro crumbling and falling into the ci tern. Mix the concrete one part Por land cement two two parts sand a four parts crushed rock. In measu ing the quantities consider one b of cement equal to one cubic fo If gravel is to be used proporti the concrete one part cement four parts clean gravel.

For the floor have the gravel ju wet enough to flush a little ceme mortar to the surface when tamp into place. See that there is abundance of mortar around t concrete blocks supporting t forms. Immediately begin filling t side wall forms with concrete mix mushy wet and placed in eight ten layers around the entire ciste Be careful not to shovel the concre against the earthen sides, as dirt concrete is likely to make a lea wall. Do not stop until the forms a filled. At the proper points insert overflow if desired and a sewer pi connection for the water from t down spout or the filter and the pi connection for the pump in the hous The pipe should be carried two four feet underground, out of dang of freezing.

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The Picture.

e picture of a little child
Hangs on my wall and smiles; 'tis you
hen you were seven years old—you smiled
Even then as no one else can do.

d yet, dear love, you never knew
Whom you were blessing, nor how
e little curves that painter drew
Would be your lover's daydream now.

d you died then, they would have said,
ly a little girl is dead;"
They could not (how could I) have known
t without seeing even or grieving,
soul had lost beyond retrieving
The one soul born to be its own.

—R. C. K. Ensor in London Nation.

lf-Treatment With Radium May Cost Nose.

ndon Globe.

Details of the disappearance of dium of the value of £125 from e Birmingham General hospital re made known yesterday. Dr. uglas Heath recently had charge the precious metal to treat a tient and after using it placed it his table. Later in the day he nd that it was missing. No tracks the radium could be found. The lice were called in and a reward of was offered. Eventually the police ced it to the patient whom Dr. ath had treated a fortnight before. parently he had taken it away, nking he had to use it at home. r several days he had been experimenting with it on his face and it is red that the injurious effects of e rays will result in his losing his se.

A Famous Welsh Fortress.

estminster Gazette.

Carnarvon Castle is the most splendid specimen of mediaeval military chitecture surviving in Britain, not cepting Ainwick. Art and beauty re combined with strength by De freton, the architect, who had been mmanded to construct a palace thin an impregnable fortress. hether the mean little passage amber in the Eagle Tower was e birthplace of the infant prince om Edward I. made the medium such a grim practical joke upon e Welsh seems doubtful, but the ain story may still be true.

Every famous soldier who helped make history in this corner of itain has played some part within without the walls of Carnarvon stle. It has been starved into surder, but never captured by force of ms and can therefore claim to be nsidered a "virgin fortress."

Giant Rat Attacks Men.

fton Heights (Pa.) Dispatch to hiladelphia Record.

It required four men and a dog to a big rat which had attacked illiam H. Baker, a butcher in the ploy of Councilman Bernard herty's store. Baker had just oped the store when he was surised to find a big rat seated on the unter.

Baker made war on the rodent, d in the meantime Councilman herty and his other clerks closed door and gave chase to the rat, hich was finally cornered.

Then the rat jumped at Baker's oat, but he knocked it down with hands, when the rodent attacked legs. Before any great damage s done Baker shook off the pest, d the men chased it about the re, hurling all sorts of missiles at

Finally "Jack," Councilman Dohy's Irish terrier, was brought in, d soon killed the rat, which was alst as large as a full-grown cat.

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QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Dont' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

ARTESIAN WELLS

Please tell what you can about artesian wells and their construction. —C. B., Wattsburg, Pa.

An artesian well is a boring of considerable depth that taps a subterranean stream or sheet of water. Strictly speaking, the term artesian is only applicable to such wells as discharge water at the surface under natural conditions, but in America the term applies to any wells of more than ordinary depth. The conditions which determine the presence of artesian water in a region relate to the geological structure of the underlying strata. It is essential in the first place that a pervious stratum enclosed above and below by impervious layers be present. The pervious bed, usually sandstone or sand, serves as a reservoir for the accumulation of water, while the impervious beds prevent this water from either escaping upward or downward. The second requisite is that the strata have a gentle pitch toward the site of the well and that they outcrop at some place above the mouth. The distance of the outcropping edges, which receive the water supply from rains, is sometimes very great, and is immaterial if the inclosing beds are perfectly impervious, except as it modifies the resistance offered to the passage of the water. Owing to this friction the water column of the well never reaches the level of the outcropping source. The conditions for artesian water are particularly favorable when the strata are arranged in the form of a geological basin dipping in all directions towards the well, as there is then no opportunity for the water to escape at a lower level. From these considerations it is evident that the discharge from an artesian well depends upon the rainfall of the region and from the area of the exposed porous stratum. At first the discharge is usually very abundant owing to the long accumulation, and unless this drain is constantly supplied the flow will gradually decrease until the balance is established.

LYMAN W. HUMPHREY

Will you please give a sketch of Lyman W. Humphrey, one time governor of Kansas?—F. A., Conneautville, Pa.

Lyman W. Humphrey, the ex-governor of Kansas, was born July 25, 1844. When the civil war broke out young Humphrey was only 17 years old though he enlisted in a company of Ohio infantry. Humphrey was rapidly promoted, becoming the commanding officer of his company for a year before he reached his majority. He took part in the battles of Donelson, Pittsburgh Landing, Corinth, Arkansas Post, the siege of Vicksburg, and several engagements near Chattanooga, and the campaign around Atlanta, in Sherman's march to the sea and the capture of Savannah besides many other engagements. He was twice wounded. During his four years of active service he was never absent from the army for a single day; and even when wounded near Chattanooga, he refused to leave the field and continued in the battle until the end. After the war Colonel Humphrey attended Mount Union College, Ohio, and then the University of Michigan. In 1868 he was admitted to the bar, and soon afterward removed to Independence, Kan., where he became connected with the southern Kansas Tribune, which he assisted in making one of the leading Republican newspapers of southern Kansas. He disposed of his interest in the newspaper and returned to the practice of law. In 1876 he was chosen to represent his district in the state legislature, and the following year was elected lieutenant-governor of his state. He was re-elected at the next election. In 1884 he represented Montgomery county in the upper house of the state legislature. In 1888 he ran for governor and was elected by a large plurality. He served two terms as executive of the state. Humphrey has been a liberal contributor to churches and benevolent institutions. He is a public speaker and writer of ability, and during his residence in Kansas has given much time in campaigns to discuss public questions.

LAWRENCE S. ROSS

Please give a sketch of the life of Lawrence S. Ross in the columns of your paper.—A. C. M., Syracuse, N. Y.

Lawrence Sullivan Ross, the eighteenth governor of Texas, was born September 27, 1838. In 1839 his father and the family removed from Iowa to Texas where the elder Ross made a great reputation as an Indian fighter. Young Ross received his education in the public schools of Texas, and at the age of 18, entered Baylor University. After a term of years there he attended Wesleyan University in Florence, Ala., where he was graduated in 1859. During one of his summer vacations he assembled a band of men and attacked the Comanches with the aid of a company of U. S. cavalry. During the engagement he rescued a small white girl who was held captive by the Indians. He named her Lizzie Ross and provided for her education. After his graduation from college he again went against the Comanches as captain of a company of a band of rangers. At the battle on Pease river he completely routed the Indians, killing their chief and capturing all their effects. In recognition of this service Governor Houston appointed him an aide-de-camp of the state troops, with the rank of colonel. In 1861 he resigned this commission and entered the confederate service as a private in the Texas cavalry. The second year of the war he was made a colonel. It was while holding this rank that he performed an excellent service to the confederacy in shielding the retreat of General Van Dorn for over an hour and one-half after the battle of Corinth, thus enabling that officer to reform his command and retreat in good order. For this piece of work he was appointed brigadier- general, and held that rank until the end of the war. Ross was engaged in a total of 135 battles during the war, five horses being shot from under him. Ross returned to Texas, and in 1875 was elected sheriff of McLennan county. In 1881-83 he was a member of the state senate, was governor for two successive terms. In 1891 he retired from public office and accepted a position as president of the Texas Agriculture and Mechanical college at Bryan. In 1895 Governor Culberson offered him a place on the state railroad commission, but the friends of the college protested so strongly against his acceptance that he was constrained to decline the honor.

U. S. POPULATION

I would like to know the population of this country in 1900 and also the present population according to the census of 1910.—J. L. G., Franklin, N. C.

The total population of the United States and its possessions according to the census of 1900 was 77,256,630, and in 1910 it was 93,402,151. The actual increase in the number of people was 16,145,521, and the per cent of increase was 20.9.

WILLIAM G. BROWNLOW

I would like to have you give a sketch of the life of William G. Brownlow.—E. G., Milan, Mich.

William Gannaway Brownlow, the American clergyman, journalist, and politician, was born August 29 1805, and died April 29, 1877. When he was still in his childhood his parents died and left him penniless. Brownlow managed to earn enough as a carpenter to gain for himself a fair education, and in 1826 became an itinerant Methodist preacher. Two years later he began his career as a political agitator by advocating in Tennessee the re-election of John Quincy Adams, and in Calhoun's own district in South Carolina, he publicly opposed nullification. From 1838 until 1861, when it was suppressed by the confederates, he published and edited in Knoxville a paper called "The Whig," his fiery editorials causing him to become known as "the fighting parson." He upheld slavery, but opposed secession, a course which subjected him to much persecution. Brownlow refused to take the confederate oath of allegiance, and consequently was imprisoned on a charge of treason, but was finally released and sent into the Union lines on March 3, 1862. In 1865 when Tennessee was reconstructed he was elected governor and served two terms. He advocated the removal of the negroes to a separate territory and opposed giving them the ballot. In 1869 Brownlow was elected to the United States senate and served till 1875, during which time he was a member of the committees on pensions and revolutionary claims.

GINSENG

Please tell me what you can about the uses of the ginseng root.—W. A. K., Lupton, Mich.

The light yellow root of ginseng is highly esteemed by the Chinese as a stimulant. It is used, however, for almost every domestic and medicinal purpose, and specimens resembling the human body often command their weight in gold because of supposed occult virtues. China furnishes almost the sole market for ginseng.

ARIZONA CLIMATE

I would like to have an account of the climate and products of the state of Arizona.—W. R. B., Telford, Tenn.

Arizona is a tropic country modified by its elevation in the north. There are no true summer and winter, but a short rainy season in midsummer and a dry one the rest of the year. There are more clear days in Arizona than in any other place in the United States. The dry air is very healing to lung and catarrhal disease. The mean rainfall of the northern plateu is 20 inches, to mean temperature 45 degrees; of the southwest, 5 inches and 69 degrees. The torrid plains around Fort Yuma are frequently 120 degrees in the shade.

The principal minerals are copper, gold, silver, lead, mercury, platinum, nickel, tin, iron, salt, gypsum, borax, sulphur, marble and turquois. The agricultural products are alfalfa, wheat, and other cereals, potatoes and cotton. In the future the typical crops will probably be figs, dates, oranges, lemons, apricots, raisin grapes and almonds.

TO OBTAIN A PATENT

I wish the Question Bureau would tell me how to obtain a patent.—R. B. S., Woodzell, W. Va.

Applications for a patent must be made in writing to the commissioner of patents. The applicant must also file in the patent office a description of the same and of the manner and process of making and using it, in such full, clear, concise and exact terms as to enable any person skilled in art or science to which it appertains or with which it is most nearly connected, to make, construct, compound and use the same; and in case of a machine, he must explain the principle thereof and the best mode in which he has contemplated applying that principle, so as to distinguish it from other inventions, and particularly point out and distinctly claim the part, improvement or combination which he claims as his invention or discovery. The specification and claim must be signed by the inventor and attested by two witnesses.

When the nature of the case admits of drawings, the applicant must furnish a drawing of the required size, signed by the inventor or his attorney in fact, and attested by two witnesses. In all cases which admit of representation by model, the applicant, if required by the patent office, shall furnish a model of convenient size to exhibit advantageously the several parts or his invention or discovery.

The applicant shall make oath that he verily believes himself to be the original and first inventor or discoverer of the art machine, manufacture, composition or improvement for which he solicits a patent; that he does not know and does not believe that the same was ever known or used, and shall state of what country he is a citizen and where he resides. In every original application the applicant must distinctly state under oath that the invention has not been patented to himself or to others with his knowledge and consent in this or any foreign country for more than two years prior to his application, or on an application for a patent filed in any foreign country by himself or his legal representative or assigns more than seven months prior to his application. If any application has been filed in any foreign country by the applicant in this country, or by his legal representatives or assigns, prior to his application in this country he shall state the country or countries in which such application has been filed, giving the date of such application, and shall also state that no application has been filed in any other country or countries than those mentioned; that to the best of his knowledge and belief the invention has not been in public use or on sale in the United States nor described in any printed publication or patent in this or any foreign country for more than two years prior to his application in this country. Such oath must be made before any person within the United States authorized by law to administer oaths, or when the applicant resides in a foreign country, before any minister, charge d'affaires, consul or commercial agent holding commission under the government of the United States, or before any notary public of the foreign country in which the applicant may be, provided such notary is authorized by the laws of his country to administer oaths.

THE CALENDAR

Please explain why history notes two dates for the birth of George Washington, one being February 11, 1732, and the other February 22, 1732.—J. C. D., Anamoose, N. D.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII. ordered that all the Catholic countries should adopt a new calendar. This calendar was correct and is at the present time in general use throughout the world. In the year that the calendar was adopted 10 days were dropped. Thus the day after October 4 of the Julian calendar became October 15 in the Gregorian. This calendar was not adopted by England until 1752. Washington being born in 1732, he was 20 years old at the time the new calendar was adopted. Thus his first 20 birthdays fell on the 11th of February and the others fell on the 22d.

SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

What were the names of the men who were delegated to assist Hobson in the sinking of the collier Merrimac during the Spanish-American war?—J. M., Sharpsburg, O.

The names of the men chosen to assist Hobson in his daring attempt to blockade the channel of the harbor of Santiago by sinking the collier were Osborn Deignan, George F. Phillips, Francis Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague and J. C. Murphy. Another seaman, Randolph Clausen, who had been at work on the collier, secreted himself until she was under way and then reported for duty.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH

Will you please print in the Question Bureau the entire poem containing the following words, "Man wants but little, nor that little long?"—L. C. O., Port Jefferson, O.

To print the entire poem that you ask would take too much space. We will give the verse containing the lines to which you refer. It is as follows:

"O my coevals! remnants of yourselves!
Poor human ruins tottering o'er the grave!
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged Trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil?
Shall our pale wither'd hands be still stretched out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age?
With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard?
Grasping at air! for what has earth beside?
Man wants but little, nor that little long;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent for an hour!
Years unexperienced rush on numerous ills;
And as soon as man, expert from time has found
The key of life, it opens the gates of death."

HISTORY OF MICHIGAN

Will you please give a brief history of the state of Michigan?—E. S., Dowagiac, Mich.

The state of Michigan was formed from the Northwest Territory. The French were the first people to explore and settle this region. In 1668 a mission was founded at Sault Ste. Marie. Detroit was founded in 1701. The French held the country until 1763 when they surrendered their claims to the British, who in turn surrendered it 20 years later to the United States. Actual possession of the territory was not given until 1796. In 1787 an ordinance was passed organizing the Northwest Territory, Michigan being included in this district. In 1805 it was made a separate territory. The inhabitants of the territory suffered from the English during the war of 1812. At one time Michigan was engaged in a boundary dispute with Ohio which was settled in 1836 by an act passed by congress. This act also provided for the admission of Michigan into the union as a state. The inhabitants accepted the conditions and Michigan became a state on January 26, 1837. The present constitution which governs the state was made in 1850.

JOAQUIN MILLER

Please give a sketch of the life of Joaquin Miller in the columns of the Question Bureau.—A. W., Bedford, Ia.

Cincinnatus Heine Miller, better known as Joaquin Miller, the American poet, was born November 10, 1841, in Wabash district, Ind. He received his name "Joaquin" by his defense of Joaquin Murietta, a Mexican bandit. While a boy he received very little education. He ran away from home; went to the California gold mines; accompanied Walker on the Nicaragua filibustering expedition; lived familiarly among the Indians and Spaniards on the Pacific slope; studied law for a few years, having graduated from Columbia college, Oregon in 1858; practiced law unsuccessfully in Idaho, where he soon turned express messenger, and in 1863 settled in Oregon for a short time, becoming editor of a paper in Eugene City, which was suppressed in the same year for its treasonable utterances. In 1864 Miller began to practice law in Canon City, Oregon, made himself popular by his services against the warlike Snake Indians, and from 1866 to 1870 was judge of Grant county. He collected his writings under the title "Songs of the Sierras," but could not sell them in the east, so he was obliged to take them to London, where they were published and brought him great fame. In 1873 he again went to London, then moved to Washington, D. C., and in 1887 returned to California, settling near Oakland. His life sums up the adventures of the Pacific slope, and his verse and fiction are to be prized especially on this account. They are fresh, vigorous, and original in style. His work is valued as being descriptive of American types, though not very artistic. This has made his fame greater in England than in this country. There he has been styled "the American Byron."

MISCELLANEOUS

J. H. K., Baxter, Pa.—New York stocks are quoted in the market columns of The Blade.

F. S., Alum Rock, Pa.—An article on dog days was published in the Question Bureau of August 3.

G K. Mt. Clemens, Mich.—It is against our rules to give the addresses of any firms.

J. B. B., Brankton, N. C.—The government has an assay office in Carson City, Nevada.

J. J. M., Morgaantown, W. Va.—Full information concerning the requirements for admission to the National Soldiers' homes was printed in the Bureau of August 3.

B. J., Boyne, Mich.—Information on the obtaining of homesteads in North and South Dakota was published in the news columns of The Blade of August 3.

J. B. H., Benton, Pa.—Jewelers and opticians usually deal in telescopes and field glasses.

J. P. C., Gate City, Va.—We cannot tell you where to get a copy of the speech you desire.

Brief Stories of Mythology.

ATALANTA—III.

Atalanta was a young and beautiful maiden inclined to sports which boys usually indulge in. Early in life she was warned not to marry, for it would be her ruin. So she fled from mankind and devoted herself to hunting. Many suitors still annoyed her, and so, in order to get rid of their persecutions she imposed upon them a condition which sometimes relieved her of their attentions: "I will be the prize of him who shall conquer me in the race, but death must be the penalty of all who try and fail." There were some who dared even to hazard their lives for the privilege of becoming her husband. Hippomenes was chosen as the judge of the race. He himself fell in love with her when he saw her ready to run. Away they went, and, though several at first appeared likely to win, Atalanta soon tired them all out and was far ahead at the finish. The youths were put to death without mercy. However, Hippomenes was not daunted and he resolved to try for the prize which the others had failed to gain. Atalanta's heart was filled with pity when she saw the handsome countenance of the young man and she doubted whether she wanted to conquer if she would cause the death of one so young and comely. She hesitated to run, but the spectators grew impatient and so she prepared. Hippomenes meanwhile muttered a prayer to Venus: "Help me, Venus, for you have led me on."

In order to help the youth Venus went into her garden on the island of Cyprus and got three golden apples, which she, unseen by all else, handed to Hippomenes and told him how to use them. The runners stand prepared, the signal is given and in a twinkling they are off, fleet as the wind. It is said that their tread was so light that they could run over a field of grain or a river without being in any danger of sinking. The crowd cheered the young man on, but it is doubtful whether he or Atalanta heard these cries with greater pleasure. However, his breath began to fail him, his throat was dry, and still the goal was far away. At that moment he threw one of the golden apples. This amazed the maiden, and she stopped to pick it up, and so allowed Hippomenes to pass her. But she redoubled her efforts and soon overtook him. Again he threw an apple, and again she caught up with him. They were now drawing near the goal; the youth must win, and there was only a short time in which to do it. Yet he had another chance, for one apple still remained. He flung it off to one side. The girl hesitated to stop, but Venus came to the young man's side and impelled her to turn aside. She did so and was vanished. Hippomenes carrying off the prize.

As is the case with many persons who are ungrateful, the thanks they owed to Venus were forgotten by the united couple, and the goddess was provoked. She caused them to give offense to Cybele. The latter was not to be insulted without the offenders being punished, so she took from them their human forms and turned them into animals. She made a lioness of Atalanta and of her lord and master a lion, and yoked them to her car, where they are still to be seen in all representations, in statuary or painting, of the goddess Cybele.

Corals, on the "Maine"

THE warrior ship had moored beneath the waves,
Its tangled depths were crowded thick with graves:
Each jewelled sword had bent a shattered knee
Before the rusting sabres of the sea.

True patriots could not let their heroes lie
Without one glance of pity from the sky:
So delved among those caverns of despair,
And all the ghosts of ruin slumb'ring there.

No gleaming triumph of the builder's toil,
But one demoniac movement served to spoil;
And hearts long loved and cherished night and day,
Were in a midnight tempest swept away.

It was a lesson to our minds—alas!
That warning: how or when it comes to pass,
This world must heed the universal touch,
And fall in Ruin's ever-waiting clutch.

But lo!—amid that sad and silent place,
Were tiny craftsmen of the coral race!
Those unobtrusive "toilers of the sea"—
Those builders of the islands yet to be.

With placid thrift, they plied their wizard-trade,
Close-clinging to the fragments War had made,
As if those had been summoned to their call:
They knew not that the wrecks were wrecks at all.

It was a lesson to our hearts!—with joy
We felt that Ruin is in God's employ;
And there are builders that we cannot see,
Erecting grander worlds for you and me.

It was a lesson to our souls!—above
The gloomy graves of those we loved and love,
The joys they sought, our martyred lads may know,
Our spirit islands, fashioned long ago.

WILL CARLETON, in Harper's Weekly.

Cool Lands Gaining Most

Students of the broad problems of the world have often pointed out the possibility that there might be a return to the old conditions when the tropics and sub-tropics led the civilization of the times. It has been suggested that the cooler parts of the earth might be enjoying a period of ascendency which would prove only temporary.

However this may be in the remote future, the changes now in progress are markedly in the opposite direction. The balance inclines more and more toward the temperate regions of the globe, in all that makes for the strength of nations and the advance of mankind.

In some quarters this tendency is more marked than ever before. There was a long period, for example, when the growth of the population of Mexico was greater than the increase in Canada, but for the last 10 years or more the northern country has been completely outstripping the southern, in every essential phase of progress.

The same difference exists in South America, in quite as great degree. The growth of the Argentine Republic, in population, wealth, commerce, the magnificence of its cities and the development of its railways and its waterways, is more than equal to the gains of Peru, Venezuela, Colombia, Ecuador and Bolivia taken together. Brazil is the only country in South America which can compete at all with Argentine in progress and even Brazil, vast as its territory is and great as its natural resources are, is badly beaten by its cooler neighbor to the southward.

Asia presents similar contrasts between countries in the tropics or near them, and regions where the climate is more temperate. Janpan, of course, leads the progress of the whole vast continent and Japan is by no means in the tropics, though parts of the island empire have very mild winters. There is much progress in China, but it is mainly in the northern and central provinces. The valley of the Yang-tse-Kiang is gaining much faster than the region of which Canton is the chief port. Peking is more prosperous and progressive than any city of Southern China.

India, under British rule, is hardly to be compared on even terms with any part of Asia which is not so led and urged along by outside forces, but in many aspects the growth of India is less promising than the swift filling up of Siberia with European settlers, who are sending the production of its agricultural staples up by leaps and bounds. About the most solidly and genuinely progressive part of Asia, where the climate is that of the borders of the tropics, is Palestine, but there the motive power comes largely from immigration from Europe which is influenced chiefly by religious sentiment.

Africa tells the same story of superior development and greater gains where at least a part of the year is crisp and cool. Its best progress is in Cape Colony and the Transvaal, which are by no means tropical; in Algeria, where the climate is moderate, for the most part, and there is constant and important immigration from France, and in Egypt, a hot country but carried forward chiefly by the money, direction and government which come from England. There is relatively little progress in the equatorial regions where the sun shines down straight upon the heads of workers who brave the heat of noon.

So in Australia the best and largest gains are being made in New South Wales and Victoria, the two states of the inland continent which have the most moderate climate. Tasmania, little, but cool, is doing well, and New Zealand is advancing faster than the parts of Australia which can fairly be classed as tropical.

Meanwhile, it need hardly be said, the progress of the world is dominated chiefly by the United States and by the great nations of Europe which enjoy moderate climates and know what winter means. Germany, Great Britain, France, Austria-Hungary, Italy, eBlgium, Holland, Switzerland, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Spain and the Balkan states all contribute to the primacy of Europe among the continents in the extent and importance of its material gains. The United States belongs in the same class with nations like Germany, Great Britain and France in respect to the progress of the age.

If the tropics are to have their day of ascendency, it is far distant. No signs of such a dawn are yet visible.

The Subtexan Sea.

San Antonio dispatch to Baltimore Sun.

The discovery of a subterranean sea in Hale and Lubcock counties confirms the recent geological investigations tending to show that there is an underflow from the Rocky mountains sweeping across New Mexico, the Panhandle and southwestern Texas.

For a number of years it has been a theory of geologists that there is a subterranean stream from the Rocky mountains sweeping southeastward to the gulf.

It is contended that this stream is the source of many springs, such as those which form the headwaters of the Guadalupe river near New Braunfels, Tex., the famous San Pedro Springs, in this city, the Carrizo Springs in Dimmit county, the various flows at Sutherland Springs in Williamson county, and a series of springs forming the headwaters of the Nueces and those which pour constant streams into the Devil and Pecos rivers.

England has one hen to the acre of territory.

Arbitration Treaties Many

Beginning in 1895, with a treaty between two small Central American states, Guatemala and Honduras, the cause of international arbitration has made rapid progress in the form of agreements binding nations to submit disputes to settlement in that manner. Records compiled for the World Peace Foundation, in Boston, show that up to June 1, 1911, no fewer than 145 arbitration treaties had been signed and had duly taken effect.

The multiplication of such agreements has been much more rapid in the last half of the period covered than it was in the earlier years, but the record in that respect is extremely variable. In 1895 there were two arbitration treaties framed and ratified, and then there were no more until 1899. That year another pair were signed. There was no addition to the list in 1900, but one treaty went into effect in 1901.

Thus it took seven years to create five treaties of this kind, but that was the end of such slow progress. In 1902 12 arbitration treaties became facts accomplished, and the next year added five to the list. In 1904 the number of arbitration compacts was augmented by 27 and the next year added 22. Then the annual crop of such agreements for the pacific settlement of disputes fell off for a time.

Only four arbitration treaties were ratified in 1906 and 1907 added but five to the total, by that time very large. In 1908 progress became rapid again and 21 treaties were made for the arbitration of international disputes. The next year brought the largest crop of such compacts—31, and 1910 added 11. In the first five months of the present year there have been two additional treaties.

This record would be more important than it is, though its significance is very great, if the compacts binding nations to submit their differences to arbitration had been more generally between powers of the first rank instead of largely between little states of not much influence or strength. When Peru agrees to general arbitration with Paraguay, for instance, the two countries not being contiguous and neither having a navy worthy of notice it cannot be said that any great gain has been made for the world's peace. The same statement applies to the treaty between Mexico and Persia, two nations which have practically no dealings or relations with each other.

In the entire list of 145 arbitration treaties Japan figures in just one and that a compact with the Uinted States, which was proclaimed in July, 1908. Germany, another great military power, is a party to only two treaties out of the long list which have been made to promote international arbitration. One of these was ratified in 1903 with Venezuela, the other with Great Britain, the next year. Since 1904 the German empire has entered into no new compacts of that nature.

Russia, Austria-Hungary and France have done comparatively little in the way of arbitration treaties. The czar's government has signed seven, all told, and the dual government under the venerable Francis Joseph has become a party to only six. France has done better, with 11.

But if these figures look very small by contrast with the 27 arbitration treaties made by Brazil and the 20 signed by Spain, it must not be inferred that no powers of the first rank have been active in aiding this movement toward universal peace. The United tSates has become a party to 26 such treaties and Great Britain has signed 16. In South America the most virile and progressive nation has become a party to 10 arbitration treaties and the record Argentina has made in that respect is matched and somewhat battered by Italy's 13 treaties.

If there are numerous compacts between powers of extremely meagre resources and strength and other nations vastly superior—treaties which have an unmistakable suggestion of magnanimity on one side and comic show of importance on the other—it is also true that many of the arbitration treaties have been between states of the first rank.

In this form of the world's progress the part played by the United States has been conspicuous by reason of the greatness of American strength and the overshadowing position of this country in the Western hemisphere, as well as because of the large number of arbitration treaties signed. In so far as the peace of mankind has been safeguarded and guaranteed by the ever-increasing prestige and popularity of international arbitration the credit must be given largely to the American republic.

Nicknames of London Papers.

London Daily Chronicle.

Nicknames for newspapers have gone out of favor. While the Times was formerly "Granny" and afterward the "Thunderer," the Morning Post used to be known as "Jeames," that generic name for flunkeys being attached to it in allusion to its specialization on society news. When the Morning Herald and Standard had the same proprietor and to a large extent the same staff, and used to appeal to each other as independent authorities, they were familiarly known as "Mrs. Harris" and "Mrs. Gamp." The Morning Advertiser, as the organ of the trade, has at various times been dubbed the "Barrel Organ," the "Tap Tub" and the "Gin and Gospel Gazette." The 'Pink 'Un" scarcely counts as a nickname, being officially adopted as an alternative title for the Sporting Times.

Held Court in a Car.

London Answers.

The recent instance of a judge and the officers of the court proceeding to a plot of ground to try a case upon the spot is by no means the first instance of its kind. Cases have been heard in all sorts of queer places.

A few months ago a witness who was very ill had to be examined, so a magistrate and the parties interested went to his private house, which was converted into a police court for the time being, the matter being satisfactorily settled.

On one occasion an urgent application was made to a judge just as he was about to set out for the assizes. It was imperative that he should not miss his train. The upshot of the matter was that a first class compartment was reserved for the party and before the judge arrived at his destination the matter, which had been argued en route, was disposed of.

A Shave in China.

Dr. Louis Byrde in Sunday at Home.

The greatest treat, which I only give on special occasions, is a midday shave in public. In the early morning a Chinese inn is terribly dark, and at night bed soon claims one. I select a table at the street front (the whole front is formed of movable doors which are entirely taken away during the day), and, provided with the necessaries, commence operations. Fifty or 60 people stand round in ranks, the innermost circles consisting of children, and the outer rings of men, and mothers with their babes. Not a word is uttered, all eyes are fixed first on the shaving brush as the soap is lathered on the face, and then on the razor as the stubble falls. The Chinese never shave themselves, and possibly to see a man handling a razor on himself may suggest that he is about to commit "harakir" in their village.

Joachim and the Barbers.

Westminster Gazette.

Mr. Rutland Harrington's story of the barber whose only comment on one of his impersonations was to the effect that his hair was rather long, recalls a tale which used to be told in relation to the late Dr. Joachim and another member of the fraternity. This knight of the scissors was also struck by the undue length of his victim's locks and suggested a reduction accordingly, adding confidentially, in support of his recommendation: "Makes you look like one of them fiddler chaps, sir." Joachim's answer is not recorded.

Yet another barber story in relation to Joachim tells of the astonishment aroused among the practitioners at one establishment who knew not that they were entertaining angels unawares, when Joachim and two or three comrades of the bow all happened to be having their wants attended to simultaneously. As each indicated in turn a tender spot beneath the chin for which special consideration was besought, the only possible conclusion which suggested itself to one and all was that these must be members of some secret society and that this curious behavior must be part of their ritual.

Hardly What He Expected.

Kansas City Star.

David R. Forgan, the Chicago banker, has a dry Scotch humor. Speaking of the danger of being puffed up by sudden honor, Mr. Forgan told the story of Simpson, the great Scotch physician: "Dr. Simpson had been absent from his class for sometime and on his return he announced that a great honor had been conferred upon him," said Mr. Forgan. "'I am very happy to inform you, young gentlemen, that a very great honor has come to me since last we met here,' Professor Simpson said, his face beaming with honest pride. 'I have just received notification that I have been appointed physician in ordinary to her majesty, Queen Victoria.' The great discoverer of chloroform looked over his glasses as if he expected his class to be quite taken away by the great news.

"Instead he was shocked to hear those Scotch boys burst into the national anthem, 'God Save the Queen.'"

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TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 24, 1911.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.............Editor

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One-cent postage is on the way. It is bound to come. And yet the present cost of mailing a letter is insignificant, when its importance is considered. One letter may mean a change in the course of a human life. Two cents invested in a letter and mailed in response to a Blade advertisement may mean much to the man who has his eyes open for opportunities.

Maybe if President Taft owned a mule he would call it Veto.

The lynching frenzy is not circumscribed by geographical lines.

We can never see ourselves as others see us by looking into a mirror.

The fellow who tells the other side of the story has the smaller audience.

Reading a man out of a political party seems more humane than kicking him out.

It often happens that the opponents of a proposition make more noise than its advocates.

Without a saving sense of humor Mr. Bryan would have been politically dead a long time ago.

The story of a golden wedding celebration looks better in print than the testimony in a divorce case.

Flying machines will soon become so common that nothing but the accidents will attract attention.

The lynching of a negro in Pennsylvania has wiped out another imaginary line between north and south.

Dr. Wiley's enemies would have more hope of getting the better of him if he would talk for publication.

Aviators Badger and Johnstone hold the record for having been killed before the largest number of spectators.

"Do happiest marriages come at 30 or 35?" Well, if they don't come at 30 it is a good idea to hustle like sixty.

Sometimes the easiest way out of an embarrassing situation is to admit one's ignorance and let it go at that.

Women are wearing larger shoes, but no doubt they will continue to stamp their pretty little feet in fiction.

Both are dangerous, but sailing five hundred feet above the earth is more spectacular than stepping on a rusty nail.

"Laugh and grow fat," they used to say, but it is poor advice. Laugh and grow fat and you will be laughed at.

Twins should be both boys or both girls. Otherwise an awkward disparity of ages is likely to result in after years.

Optimism makes the spider patient and painstaking. He never doubts that a fly will come along in time for dinner.

The United States government has issued a million patents and we are still sharpening our lead pencil with a knife.

Another prehistoric wonder has been unearthed in Kansas, but the remains of the Populist party still molder in the grave.

One reason that we get bad eggs is that some farmers think that any kind of an egg is good enough for town folks.

Had the original prodigal son incident taken place in these times the boy would have been fed on chicken instead of veal cutlets.

John Bull now has a chance to show the world how to handle a strike. He has always imagined he could do it about right.

An eastern woman threw an antique clock at her husband. A $2 alarm clock is good enough to throw at the average husband.

Down in Cuba, when some native rolls out of a hammock and begins to move around it is called an uprising against the government.

In Tennessee a man provided in his will for his mule. It is a rare case. We suggest this epitaph: "Here lies a humane man—he loved his mule."

"No girl is qualified for matrimony," says a philosopher, "until she knows how to spank a baby properly." Is there more than one way to spank a baby?

Let North Carolina and Georgia quarrel over the birthplace of Ty Cobb. Grant, Hayes, Garfield, B. Harilson, McKinley and Taft were born in Ohio. Six presidents to one swatologist.

THE VETO AS EXPECTED.

The veto by Preident Taft of the resolution to confer statehood on Arizona and New Mexico was so fully expected that it did not cause any stir. Interest in it lay chiefly in the possibility that he might present new reasons for his opposition to the recall of judges or forcibly express his opinion of men who are urging it.

But Mr. Taft contented himself with exactly the kind of statement that has been most generally expected of him. He was not sparing in his condemnation of the "legalized terrorism" which county and state judges would have to submit to were they subject to a recall vote at any time upon application of 25 per cent of the voters of the previous election. But the basis of his veto was the fact that the judicial recall compels judges to seek to make their decisions conform with the wishes of the majority, whereas, according to the broad principles which underlie common law and the structure of the American government, the minority, even the man who stands alone, is entitled to as good standing in court as the majority.

Congress should not force the veto on the President, should cease playing politics with this question and pass the resolution introduced in the senate, admitting Arizona and New Mexico to statehood on the condition that the recall feature shall be eliminated from the constitution of Arizona. There is no reasonable excuse for it to do otherwise. If Arizona is as desirous of having the recall as it is of becoming a state it can achieve both ends by first complying with the President's wishes and then amending its constitution with the recall or anything else it wants to put into it.

In any event this veto, generally regarded as the forerunner of others on the wool and farmers' free list bills, seems to be taken as the signal for congress to adjourn. A resolution calling for adjournment next Tuesday has been introduced. If it passes, the country will be truly thankful.

THE GREAT BLUE HERON.

Fishermen who have been whipping the rapids below Presque Isle in the last week have had the company of a pair of great blue herons. While the birds have kept to themselves, seldom allowing themselves to be approached nearer than a hundred feet, they have betrayed little fear. They have seemed to know that the anglers would not harm them and were altogether friendly. If a person came too close, they rose lazily, flapped their wings a few times and landed in new feeding grounds. They were cautious, but with the wisest of caution, which meant the saving of fear and energy.

The great blue heron is among the most picturesque of birds. It has a grace that only Japanese artists have been able to catch and record. In the breeding season, when their plumage is at its best, they have been pursued by hunters supplying the millinery material markets. But possibly those who kill things wantonly, out of the mere love of slaugher, have harassed the birds quite as much. They have no food value. One would think of eating rubber bands quite as much as trying to gain sustenance from the flesh of any of the herons. The fish they kill are too few for even the most selfish of fishermen to protest against. Water snails, frogs, the larvae of caddis flies and an occasional infant turtle make up their diet. Their worth to mankind may be little as compared with what the song birds do, but the herons give an interest and lend life to the open not to be measured by the usual standards. It is a happy sign that any of them find they can be in the presence of human beings and have no dread of their inhumanity.

THE NEXT INQUIRY.

An investigation of the election of Senator Stephenson, of Wisconsin will follow the inquiry into the election of Senator Lorimer, of Illinois. For several months scandalous stories have been associated with Stephenson's office. It is charged that he spent $100,000 to gain his ambition to go to Washington, that he bought influence, employer threats and used the leverage of his financial powers with utter callousness.

But at the rate the Lorimer inquiry progresses, it may well be toward the middle of Senator Stephenson's term before a committee of his fellow-senators adjust themselves in their chairs to hear how so vittuous a state as Wisconsin came to surrender when money bags were opened. Then, if the examination is conducted with due deliberation, many postponements taken, useless witnesses called and, after the report is in, obstrutions resorted to, the senator from Wisconsin, if found guilty of wrongdoing, may get his dismissal about the hour he is packing his trunks, his term of service being up. An investigation by the senate is a very slow affair. Two investigations represent the last word in the conservation of energy.

A CHANCE TO GET OUT.

The dissolution of the Standard Oil company into 35 corporations will make no present difference in ownership, it has been conceded. The control of all the companies will be the same as is now the control of one, the earnings will flow into the same pockets and the direction of affairs will proceed from the same sources.

This will assuredly be the first innocuous consequence of the supreme court order. But the oil industry differs from other industries in that it is doomed to an early end because of the exhaustion of resources. It is estimated that the petroleum supplies in this country will all have dwindled away within the next 50 years. The great wealth and power of the Standard Oil company will have either shifted to new fields of enterprise or will have faded. Those who control the big company and will control the 35 companies into which it is to be split will gradually drop out of the corporations as they cease to be profitable. In time the control as now organized may be concentrated upon merely a few of the best paying properties. The general public will have the little and the dying concerns, doubtless paying for them extravagantly.

Those who are most foresighted in the Standard Oil company are probably thankful for the supreme court order. It gives them an easy way out of an industry booked for a limited career.

THE WHISPER OF FANCY.

At lovers' perjuries they say, Jove laughs.—Romeo and Juliet.

A young enlisted man in the army found a young lady with a listening ear. He crossed the dim border between fact and fiction. He wandered into the far mazes of fancifulness. The young lady was impressed, as all of her kind are said to be under the circumstances. The falsehood and the truth were not to be distinguished.

But the lies came home to roost. They snapped back like a rubber band. The other day, upon the strength of disclosures made by the young lady, the young soldier was brought before his commandant and gravely tried for offenses against the army regulations, the laws of the United States made and provided, the statute governing spying and that upon the high crime of treason. The rock of truth, struck with the wand of officialdom, gushed forth. There was nothing in the yarn.

No word has come as to the punishment meted out to this fond and fanciful lover. But we hope that the army is commanded by men who have some of Jove's sense of humor.

HATE IN LONELY PLACES.

O. Henry told the story of two men who were snowed in in a lonely cabin in the mountains. After two weeks they had exhausted every theme of conversation. Then they drew a line, dividing the room, kept each to his territory and when they spoke it was only to express their contempt. Fate, in the shape of two books discovered upon a shelf, broke the cure of hate before the two flew at each other's throats.

But Fate out of the realm of fiction does not always work so fortunately. The dispatches from Alaska bring the tale of the finding of the bodies of two prospectors. A note left by one gave the information that he had killed his comrade and then committed suicide.

It is one of the inexplicable things of nature that it should make human beings so hungry for each other's company, make them live like ants in a hill, and yet cause them to suffer the emotions of repulsion when they come to see each other day after day, behold the same faces and hear the same voices. Neighbor turns gainst neighbor, brother against brother, friend against friend. And then, upon the swing of events, all come together again bound closer than ever. Providence has never explained why.

FARM AND CITY POPULATION.

The final report of the census bureau upon the distribution of population in town and country shows that the urban movement continues unabated. In the period that the rural districts gained 11.1 per cent in population, the cities gained 53.7 per cent. But for the opening of western tracts to settlement the agricultural population might have shown a less distinct loss instead of the slight increase, amounting to scarcely more than 1 per cent a year.

We find by the report that the loss to the farms and villages undtr 2,500 population in New Hampshire and Vermont was so large that it offset the gains in the other New England states and caused the placing of that territorial division in the loss column. While rural New York gained only 0.6 per cent, there were gains of 21.1 per cent in New Jersey and 12 per cent in Pennsylvania. Ohio, Indiana and Illinois lost farm population, but Michigan and Wisconsin made slight gains. The population of the cities of Ohio increased 31.2 per cent in the ten years, amounting now to 2,665,143 as compared with a rural population of 1,101,978. The rural loss in this state was 1.3 per cent. As we move into the west central division we find that Iowa and Missouri, together, lost more than 10 per cent in agriculturists, while gaining 19.9 to 22.3 per cent respectively in the cities. More than balancing these depressing statistics in the division are enormous gains in farm population in North and South Dakota, that of North Dakota amounting to 79.8 per cent. Not a state of the south, southwest, mountain and Pacific divisions suffered decreases in the rural districts. Among the states which made large rural gains were Florida, Oklahoma, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada, Washington and Oregon. But even in these states the urban movement has been enormous.

Says the report:

> There is no state or territory in which the increase in urban population was less than 10 per cent, and in six states it was more than 100 per cent, and in 13 other states between 50 and 100 per cent. There are 22 states, on the other hand, in which the rural population either decreased or showed an increase of less than 10 per cent, while there are only eight states in which it was between 50 and 100 per cent.

The period 1900-1910 does not represent one in which to judge the effects of the "back to the farm" agitation. By the time, however, that the next census is taken the return to the soil may be plainly remarked in the statistics.

A Louisville minister says there will be no politics in heaven. This would seem to confirm the general impression that heaven is going to be worth while.

Patience is a virtue that every man wants his creditors to possess.

WILEY AND A TRADE WAR.

The investigation of Dr. Wiley is not without its puzzles. It is plain that the Democrats are determined to make a martyr of the doctor because it will give them capital with which to fight the "iniquitous Republican administration." Dissension in the department of agriculture, born partly of jealousy and partly of desire to get his office, indicates that whatever is done to Dr. Wiley, something drastic must be done to the department. But back of the politics and the petty wrangles of officialdom, is a deep and bitter commercial warfare.

When the benzoate of soda decision was handed down, those who expected to benefit by it had only a few hours of rejoicing. For manufacturers who did not use the drug—pronounced harmless by the Remsen board and harmful by Dr. Wiley—made a great advertising campaign upon the fact that their products were free of the preservative. No matter if benzoate of soda was allowed under the law, the factories which availed themselves of the permission were slapped in the face by rivals shouting the superiority of their own products. The inquiry will not settle this controversy, but some manufacturers are nourishing the hope that it will give them revenge. At the same time, the "purists" can start a new advertising campaign, more deadly than ever.

Final action upon the case of Dr. Wiley is bound to be affected by the commercial factors. Even the gleeful Democrats must feel the pressure of these interests. It will be a delicate job for some one to write a decision which can navigate through all the conflicting factors and still not provide new material for a trade war.

STILL PROGRESSIVE.

Editor Blade—We have noticed for some time your attacks on Senator La Follette; many times with no better argument than ridicule on the way he combs his hair. We have wondered why you should attack him on his progressive Republicanism. We had supposed the Blade was fighting along the same line, as we had got from the Blade the same facts and information that the senator used in his great speech in the senate recently. If what he said was incorrect, then the Blade has been giving us yellow journal news. His criticisms on the administration in conservation and other things was but consistent with all the news of the day. Well, many Democrats have now lined up with the progressives. This we suppose will drive you clear over to the old corrupt standpatters, where your trend seems to be. I am an old line Republican, and had hoped that this progressive faction would regenerate the old party and bring about a better condition of affairs; that money in the hands of a special few would not run the country to the detriment of the masses.

J. B. PENROSE.

Continental, O.

In the swift upheaval of public policies, The Blade has been compelled to make new adjustments of its opinion of public men. It once held Senator La Follette and the group which the senator represents in the highest respect, believing that Providence had supplied the country with singularly efficient and high-minded statesmen at a period when men of the sort were most needed. But The Blade cannot surrender convictions in order to be consistent in its personal likings. It cannot bring itself to put men before principle. This is no time in the progress of civilization to assert that anyone can do no wrong.

It was given the senate insurgents to perform services which would redound to their honor through all time. But, to the disappointment of those who had deep faith in the progressive movement, these insurgents let personal ambitions, personal hates, the remembrance of rebuffs and snubs, rule them to the exclusion of their duty and the high purpose of the movement to which they had volunteered leadership. They sold birthright for a mess of pottage. Special interests reached them. Their own investments influenced them. Think how puny they appear in the public estimation today, how they squabble over trifles and complain like spoiled children, and then think what they might have been had they chosen to stand by the President when he proposed a truly progressive policy! Not one of their fellows have they convinced that they fought the President out of any other motive than dislike, out of any other motive than that, in the lottery of politics, they thought themselves in danger of eclipse.

Our subscriber need not worry that The Blade will go into the "standpat" camp because it has found La Follette et al wanting in statesmanship. At present, there seems to be no one to take up the banner that the senate insurgents have cast in the mud. But we have every confidence that strong and faithful leaders of the progresive movement will appear before many months. The Republicanism of the founders will live though the money-changers command for a season and self-seeking politicians betray it in another.

AFTER THE BIRDMEN.

It would have been interesting could one have read the thoughts of many of the persons who watched Harry N. Atwood's flight out of the west. For among the spectators were men and women who had come into their country walking beside pack animal's, riding in ox-drawn wagons or journeying in boats of many forms upon river and canal and lake. To them, the making of the first road had been a step in progress to rejoice over. When the whistle of a locomotive hauling a construction train sounded they had marveled at the swift development of transportation. The bicycle was a thing to wonder over and the automobile a vehicle first to disparage and then to desire. Now comes the aeroplane needing no roads, requiring no rails, moving in all three of the dimensions of space. The progress of the world to these elders might well be measured alone by the ways invented for getting about in it.

Will the race with the sun halt with the flying machine? Who can say? It is only a few years ago that the greatest of American mathematicians showed by the laws of numbers and physics that man could never fly. Scarcely a twelvemonth after, the Wright brothers were soaring over the dunes of a Carolina beach, annuling all the hard-thought logic of the scientist and at the same time giving mankind a glimpse into a future amazingly fantastic and unreal.

Today is the day of the flyer. Tomorrow the suburbanite may enter a cartridge in a tube and while he calmly reads his evening paper be shot homeward a thousand miles away.

THE WATCHER.

I intend to devote all my time between now and the nomination to finding out things about the candidates for the Democratic nomination for President. I know all of the leading men of the party, those who have hindered and those who have helped it. When the time comes to name the man for the candidacy I will not be silent.—William Jennings Bryan.

Consider the candidates of the field, how they grow; they toil with the watchful eye of the Leader Emeritus upon them, they spin their plans with dread lest a sousing disclosure from Nebraska reduce their strategies and spoils to wood-pulp.

It is the Bryan scheme of things to know about candidates, particularly about those who dispute his sway. How shall it be if Mr. Underwood, on record for legislation in favor of his special and personal interests, step forth and place hands upon the staff of the Democratic banner? What fate shall befall Mr. Harmon, who delivers advantages to his friends of the house of Morgan? Where shall Mr. Speaker Clark end if he join with the unfaithful in hooting the peer of the peerless? Will it go well with Mr. Folk if he ignore deferential consultation with the Commoner? Nor Underwood, nor Harmon, nor Clark, nor Folk, nor Wilson will hold the field if one of them entertain the fallacy that he can command the whole loyalty of the Democratic rank and file lacking the lieutenancy of Bryan. One or two think it isn't so. But the error of judgment is only the common error of Democracy which ends in the loud and raucous jeer.

TARIFF MAKESHIFTS VETOED.

Summarized, the points which the President makes against the revision of the wool tariff, amount to this:

1. That it is unscientific.
2. That it is not in accord with the expressed wish of the country that future tariff legislation should avoid the evil of log-rolling and be the result of careful inquiry by a tariff commission.
3. That schedule K is so complicated that it ought not to be revised until complete information is available.
4. That an avowed tariff for revenue and an anti-protection bill is by compromise blended with a protection bill.
5. That the principle followed in adjusting the amendments of existing law is not clear and the effect of the bill is most uncertain.
6. That the labor and capital interested in the wool industry are too important in their extent to justify action upon insufficient information.
7. That accurate information will be available in December, when revision will be recommended in a revision of duties which, in the judgment of the President, are too high.

The first impression of the veto of the wool bill will probably be one of disappointment to the country. But if Mr. Taft is to further the cause of scientific tariff adjustment and do what he can to take the question out of cheap politics, he must be prepared to suffer, at least temporarily, from the disappointments he causes. The criticisms of the wool bill apply with even more force to the so-called farmers' free-list, a tariff reform which reforms nothing and benefits no one. He is to be commended for his bravery in the instances. Within six months he will probably be commended by every citizen in the country for awaiting the tariff commission's report and giving congress a chance to serve its constituents honorably and efficiently. He has not vetoed tariff revision. He has vetoed log-rolling tariff making.

COOKING IN PAPER BAGS.

Invention has been doing a lot for the comfort of the household, but much of it has but added to the drudgery of the housewife. She has more things to do with and more things to do. She has added conveniences and additional work. But there is promise of a revolution which will save the housewife one of the most disagreeable duties—that of washing and scouring of pots and pans. We refer to the new system of cooking in paper bags.

Manufacturers have been quick to see a profit in the discovery that cooking could be done in this way. So they have put paper bags upon the market which are of heavy texture and impervious to liquids. From a demonstration made in a big New York hotel these results have been summarized:

It adds greatly to the flavor of the food.

It preserves its essential nutritive element.

It does away with the unpleasant fumes attending ordinary cooking.

It is pre-eminently clean.

It reduces the shrinkage of the food caused by the ordinary method of cooking. There is little or no waste.

It affects a substantial saving of labor, as it dispenses with the need of many utensils.

It is more economical, because it saves time and reduces gas or coal bills.

A kitchen in which the paper bag system is adopted is le liable to attract mice and other vermin.

Emancipation from kitchen slavery will be brought nearer if bag cookery should live up to its early triumphs.

Sunday School

BLOTTING OUT A NATION'S LIFE

International Sunday School Lesson for August 27 Is "Judah Carried Captive to Babylon," Jeremiah 39.

By William T. Ellis.

A wave of hysteria and fear passed over awakened China a few months ago at the report that the nation was to be divided among the Powers. Korea's tragic sorrow over its impending, and now fulfilled absorption by Japan was an unforgettable spectacle. Finland and Poland absorbed into greater nations but still not reconiled, excite the pity of all students of European history. The dramatic persistence of Armenia's hope for a separate existence reveals the strength of the passion for nationalism. Ireland has shown the world how the same fervid spirit can live through the years, unquenched. The world is full of great stories of intense devotion to a nation blotted out of existence. None is more dramatic or appealing than this one which the Sunday schools study—the extinction of the ancient kingdom of Judah.

A poetical, patriotic, soil-living people, the Jews loved the land of their inheritance—the Promised Land, divinely given and hard won—with the peculiar ardor of their sun-warmed temperament. They gave to literature its first great poetry of patriotism.

"If I forget thee, O Jerusalem,
Let my right hand forget her cunning."

So providentially had they been preserved and provided for that the Jews could scarcely entertain the idea of national extinction. That they should be wrested from the soil where their hearts were rooted, that the city of David should fall, and that the temple should be razed, were fatalities beyond belief. That, however, is just what happened with horror piled upon horror.

When War Was Unmitigated.

One way to measure the progress of the race is to consider the attitude of the world toward war. Nowadays a strong and growing body of sentiment is against all war, and by universal consent a body of human usages have grown up in connection with the practice of what is called "civilized warfare." The rights of non-combatants, the respect for the wounded, the good treatment of the prisoners, all are distinctly Christian aspects of an unChristian business.

But in the days of which we read—when Jerusalem fell to the Babylonian forces, after a siege of a year and a half—war meant sheer, unrestrained savagery. Women and children were slain, and worse than slain. Captives were tortured and blinded, even as in the case of King Zedekiah. Exile and slavery succeeded to the levy of tribute and oppression. Humiliations and sufferings such as are simply incredible to the present day were the lot of the defeated.

Consider the fate of the perverse and blundering king who was the last to sit upon David's throne. Zedekiah had rejected the counsels of Jeremiah. He had put himself under the sway of the war party. His repudiation of Jehovah had been the culminating factor in the overthrow of the city. Then, when the starved inmates of Jerusalem were unable longer to withstand the besiegers, the king and his soldiers fled down to the plains of Jericho, where they were captured. Zedekiah was taken north to Hamth where, in the presence of Nebuchadnezzar himself, he viewed his punishment. His sons were slain before his eyes; and then with that hideous, haunting picture fresh upon his memory, his eyes were put out. Loaded with two chains he was carried off to decorate the triumph of his conqueror at Babylon.

Palace, Priests and Nobles Perish.

Those conquerors of the ancient world made a complete job of their cruel undertakings. When Jerusalem fell, the palaces were looted and then burned; the temple was stripped of its treasures and all that remained of the magnificence of Solomon's reign was carried off to Babylon, while the building itself was razed by fire. The chief priest and his assistants, and the leaders of the court were slain before Nebuchadnezzar's face, to glut his appetite for blood. The houses of the people were burned, the walls of the city broken down and all the forms of destruction that Oriental ingenuity could devise were executed against the stubborn city.

Leaving only the poorest of the country folk to help themselves to the land and whatever they could glean after this grim harvesting, the victors returned to Babylon with the captives whom they were bearing into exile. To this day exile remains a favorite form of punishment in these same lands. Even the late Sultan of Turkey now lives in exile; and I have met several officials, now in power under the constitution, who have been exiled by Abdul Hamid. The horror of it in the olden days is incomprehensible to us; though I want no worse interpretation of it than I have seen on the faces of detachments of Siberian exiles.

Up through their own dear land the exiles were driven, laggards being hastened by spear butts or spear points. Across the beautiful mountains of Lebanon, and, into the fertile valley of the Orontes—the same journey may now be made by rail—where they joined Nebuchadnezzar himself at perhaps what is now the city of Homes. Thence they went across the stony wastes, stopping possibly at Tadmor, or Palmyra, the city in the desert which is still a wonderful ruin, and then to the bank of the Euphrates, down which some of them probably floated on goat-skin rafts. The heat was terrific, waxing greater as they drew near Babylon. The physical suffering of the exiles, and their broken spirits and the remorse that gnawed at their hearts, made the journey one that tinged their thinking for decades.

Into the Great Babylon.

The immigrant from rural Europe who sees New York and its splendors for the first time is less impressed by its magnificence than were the Hebrews who entered ignominiously into that wonderful capital of the world, Babylon, with its palaces, hanging gardens, great temples and triumphal arches. Alas, for the burning shame of it! These proud Hebrews were part of the popular spectacle and entertainment. They were derided and jested about by the throngs of curious Chaldeans. "How are the mighty fallen."

I have seen the ruins of the via sacra in Babylon, that runs from the Temple of Ishtar to the great Temple of Marduke, through or past the palace of Nebuchadnezzar. The great unicorns and sacred bulls—which are still as clear-cut on the walls as when their sightless eyes were turned upon the procession of captives—and the blue enamelled lions and walls, and the asphalt pavements, all meant little to the disconsolate company of Hebrews whose broken hearts sobbed the refrain that they were slaves and exiles. Only the friends of the earlier captives waiting to comfort them. gave any light in their gloom.

Learning the Great Lesson.

Not at once, even in this severe school, did the Jews learn the great lesson of loyalty to the one God. They were caught up in the whirl of popular idolatry for a time and the German archaelogists at Babylon told me that the only traces of the Hebrews they have found are incantation bowls, dug from graves, and covered with Hebrew inscriptions; such as I have at the present moment in my possession. But eventually, the exile taught the Jews what they had failed to learn from a succession of gracious providences and clear-voiced prophets, that Jehova is a king who demands single allegiance; and that "Righteousness exalted a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people." They were to spend seventy years in this severe school of exile; thenceforth they would wander no more after false gods. To this day the Jews of Mesopotamia remain true to the God of their fathers.

History is the best homily. The fate of nations dead is the truest warning to nations living. The tragedy of the blotting out of Judah's life will have been studied in vain if it does not set men and women, boys and girls, to vigorous heart-breaking with respect to their nations. Are the seeds of destruction, which grew so banefully in the life of the ancient Hebrews, still in our midst? Are we turning from single-hearted allegiance to the one true God to the popular idols of our time?

"Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget! Lest we forget!

Glossary of Political Terms

(For Use in a Crisis.)

Punch.

LAST DITCH.—A receptacle for poor thinking and high falutin. Favorite deathplace for advanced politicians who do not intend to die—at least, not there—and who, as a matter of fact, always survive misfortunes which have made strange ditch-fellows.

No Surrender.—An expression much used by those who attempt to disguise a defeat by congratulating one another on their indomitable courage and to reveal their love for their leader by disregarding his advice and attempting to shatter his authority. After which they surrender with the rest.

Cecil.—(1) A place where Dukes and Smiths combine to banquet a former creator of judges who is not to be satisfied without a creation of Peers.

(2) A gentleman from Oxford university noted for the amenity of his manners and the suavitly of his language. An expert in the organization of impromptu anger. Holding that silence is golden, he has shrieked down a prime minister and reduced a speaker to impotence. Conscious, as he is, of his merits, he esteems lightly and denounces shrilly those who fail to share his exalted estimate of his own immaculate perfection.

Cad.—Term supposed by those who bravely use it under cover of uproar to be vividly descriptive of an English gentleman who happens to be prime minister.

Traitor.—A genial word conveying political disagreement. Has been howled out by many whose language (like the raven's answer), "little meaning, little relevancy bore."

The House of Lords.—(1) The last rampart of British liberty. (2) An effete assembly of arrogant people-crushers combined together for the destruction of freedom and capable of being checked and cured only by the duplication of their number.

A Churchgoing Dog.

Kennebec Journal.

And here is a dog story which comes from the Journal's Skowhegan correspondent. The story is of a fine young Shepherd dog which has strong religious tendencies. He is the dog of Elmer Decker of Hinckley. Shep is persistent in his attempts to attend Sunday services.

A late scheme of his is to get up very early Sunday morning and call upon a neighbor who takes him to church in his carriage. On arriving Shep makes a practice of walking straight up the aisle to the platform, where he takes his place in the shadow of the pulpit. There, with his nose protruding by the corner, he can see what is going on at the same time he is listening.

The other day during the minister's long prayer an automobile came chugging and tooting along, much to the disturbance of Shep's idea of the nicety of things. He rushed through the open door with loud barking and scared the intruder away, but his manner of quieting the disturbance had a reviving effect upon the audience and our correspondent thinks the prayer must have been shortened.

The Size of Bricks.

Philadelphia Inquirer.

If bricks were made larger it would save a great deal of time and labor in building, said a contractor, but the standard has been set and any change would be attended by considerable inconvenience. In England when bricks were first made and up to 60 or 70 years ago there was a tax on bricks, and in order to evade it the bricks were made of larger and larger sizes.

These were used for cellars and other concealed places. To stop this fraud an act was passed in the reign of George III. fixing the legal size of bricks. Early in Queen Victoria's reign the tax was taken off and bricks may now be legally made of any size whatever. But any change from the standard size would bring about great inconvenience. All calculations are made for building on this standard size, and the London and other building acts have practically fixed it.

Emerson's Story of Gratitude.

Youth's Companion.

There is a beautiful little story in Emerson's recently published "Journals," of which his son, the editor, Dr. Edward W. Emerson, said the poet was very fond.

A certain widow was so poor that she eked out the one thin bed covering by laying an old door over herself and her little children.

"Mamma," one of the children said one bitter night, "what do those poor little children do who **haven't got a door to cover them?"**

Varietie

Australians still lead the wor tea drinkers.

The Indian hemp plant offers a stitute for opium.

The tobacco fields of Siam emb six thousand acres.

Airship propellers are carved of wood built up in layers.

England spends $9,000,000 a to maintain her public roads.

Newfoundland is said to be wit reptiles of any character.

British imports of fruit amoun more than $50,000,000 annually.

The peak of Teneriff throws a mile shadow across the water.

There are over 12,000 dairie London and suburbs.

Rice is cultivated on more than 000,000 acres of land in India.

The Spanish hen's eggs, weig seven to a pound, are the largest duced.

Life preservers for use in wrecks were unknown before the 1820.

The heads of all chinese babies shaved when the infants are a m old.

The first system of police was augurated in England by Sir Ro Peel in 1814.

The children of Japan are tra as ambidexters, using both h equally well.

High cheekbones are said to cate great force of character in s direction.

According to a German e American women do not know to pose before a camera.

Among the dyers ether is used most exclusively for removing stains from fabrics.

All people that are blind ride of charge upon the street ca Glasgow, Scotland.

About 4,400 stags are killed e year on the moors of Scotland.

Over 30 cities have adopted commission plan of government s the first of the year.

The governor of Hawaii says the best immigrants that come to island are Russians.

Australia and the Argentina tween them pasture one-third o the sheep in the world.

During the last year 840 cremat took place in England, as against for the previous year.

General Garibaldi hit the bull unerringly for half an hour at Coney Island galleries.

Apply blotting paper and Fre chalk to the wrong side of woo goods to remove grease stains.

New York burglars now wear gloves so as to leave no finger pr for the police to photograph.

In the early ages of the Chris era the fathers of the church fut protested against the use of wigs.

A Brooklyn woman wants two ye separation to give her husband an portunity to win her back.

Out of the aeroplane at last has c the universal vehicle—one that trundles and swims, says Aircraft.

Experiments with fish and chem analysis show that the best mate for filtering sewage is natural turf.

The Princess Louise Needle school in London did all the emb dery on the coronation robes of Q Mary.

The atmosphere of London's subw is now made to resemble that of seashore by pumping ozone into th

Two-thirds of the heat generated steam engines is wasted. Scarcely third of it is converted into power

A tea made of the leaves of "laughing plant" of Arabia, puts partaker into a hilarious humor for hour or so.

Vienna's new acqueduct will $18,000,000, and will supply ab 1,300,000 persons with water.

The speed of flying machines raised from 40 miles an hour in to 46 miles in 1909 and 68 miles in

Including all kinds of horses 4 years old that can carry harness saddle, Great Britain has 3,000,000 h

Red ants do not like parsley, seems. It is said they will disap like magic if bits of the herb are s tered in their famous haunts.

As a result of the offer of the P (England) council to pay a reward every rat killed, 1,529 were accoun for during three months.

The city council of Bonham, T has passed an ordinance that no may peddle peanuts in the streets less he has had both legs amputate

Of 81 locomotives recently orde by a prominent railroad in the Un States, 51 are to use coal as fuel 30 to use oil.

The city authorities of Amsterd are considering a plan by which st rubbish may be converted into c bustible briquets for heating boiler

In the churchyard at Plymtree, von, is a yew tree whose age is cal lated at 1,000 years, and which doubtless the oldest in the country

An estimate of the annual expe tures for art education in the Un States, compiled by Henry Tu Bailey in 1908, is given as a total $11,565,241.

The Russian government has un consideration projects for render the Dnieper and the North Do navigable by means of a system sluices.

The current year marks the cent ary of Bunsen, of whom Ostw speaks as "the greatest inorga chemist of the nineteenth cent since Berzelius."

The French inventor Dienert according to the Scientific Ameri contrived an application of the crophone to the discovery of und ground water.

In addition to its card in scheme Buckingham palace runs press clipping bureau on as big a thorough scale as the well kno professional agencies.

According to the American chinist, it has been estimated there is lost annually more than million and a half of oil by the bu ing of oil wells.

Cicero was the first to be na the "Father of His Country." W he overthrew the conspiracy of Ca line, the Roman senate confer that title upon him.

A billion dollars is a great sum money. It would take a man, wo ing eight hours a day, over 90 y to count and stack it at the rate a dollar a second.

The glasses used in Hungar cafes will be numbered in the future as a means of preventing spread of disease by the promiscou interchange of drinking glasses.

Trusses Like These Are A Crime

If you want RELIEF from all pain—a CURE instead of constant danger—strength instead of weakness—if you want to be rid of the old, unscientific and uncomfortable Leg-strap Trusses—send to-day for our FREE Book of Advice. It took us 40 years to learn the facts it contains, and tells you just how the Cluthe Self-Massaging Pad STRENGTHENS the weakened muscles, HOLDS with ease and CURES Rupture. Waterproof, durable, hygienic; sold under Guarantee Trial. Remember—NO body-spring, No plaster, No leg-strap. Write NOW for this free Rupture Book and 4000 Public Endorsements. Just address:—

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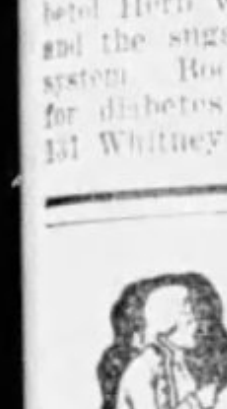

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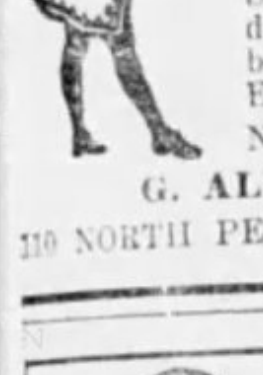

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HER CIGARET CASE SEIZED

Mrs. W. A. Hamilton, Cousin of Mrs. Gould Forgot to Declare It.

New York, August 18.—Personal effects valued at $565 were seized by customs inspectors from Mrs. William A. Hamilton, a society woman, who is a cousin of Mrs. George Gould, upon her arrival from Europe because the customs men said she had failed to declare the articles, including a gold mesh bag bought in Paris, a gold cigaret case, lace waists and china.

WEDS IN TIME TO WIN WEALTH

Man Complies With Father's Will and Gets $200,000.

Tacoma, Wash., August 18.—Complying with the terms of his father's will which provided that he must be married within 30 days from the death of his father in order to inherit a fourth share of an estate, valued at $200,000, Frank McCoy was married here last night to Miss Eileen Pfenning, two days before the time expired.

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I Will Send You A Free Trial Of My Treatment To Prove Its Wonderful Effects.

For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path in the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

Quick Relief With My Treatment. Try It And Prove It.

The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 127, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

CANADA, VASTLY EXCITED BY ELECTION, TALKS OF TREASON

Sir Wilfred Laurier, Premier, Is Attacked for Preaching Reciprocity—Borden, Opposition Leader, Follows Him About, Making War on Trade Pact.

Moncton, N. B.—August 21.—Since the Canadian parliament was dissolved and the question of reciprocity with the United States was thrown before the people, a political warfare has been going on in Eastern Canada, which in point of hostility to the present administration suggests to some observers the feverish spirit of rebellion which so recently drove Diaz from Mexico.

Although the general elections throughout the Dominion will not be held until September 21, there is already as much excitement in the maritime provinces as one sees in the most fiercely contested precincts of New York city during the whirlwind campaigns of the last few days before election.

Home to Vote.

Professional men, lawyers, doctors and teachers, born in Canada, but now residents of the large cities of the United States, where, as a rule they never take out naturalization papers, are coming home on every train to spend their vacations working in the campaign for or against reciprocity and to cast their votes in the towns they still call home.

Meetings are being held day and night, speeches are being made by the leaders of both parties. Conservative and Liberal denunciations and personal attacks are indulged in; rallies are sometimes disrupted; brass bands and British banners are working overtime and President Taft and Sir Wilfrid Laurier are the objects of fierce philippics.

Cry Annexation.

A visitor from the United States stands amazed at the extent to which the conservative have carried the cry of annexation. A local paper in New Brunswick carries in big type at the top of its front page every day this query:

"Under which flag, the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes?"

Cartoons showing Canada in an abject position under rule of the United States are common; campaign slogans and war cries hurling invectives upon the government at Washington and not sparing the government at Ottawa have fired the minds of old and young men alike and even school children have begun to take a hand in what will be one of the most extraordinary political campaigns in the history of Canada.

The leading local organ of the Conservatives, the Moncton Daily Times, appeared yesterday morning with double column display on its front page devoted to an extremely prejudiced contribution by a school boy in which appear such remarkable statements as follows:

"The Yankee press says they will annex us forcibly if we do not grant reciprocity. They will find that the Canadian people are just as good fighters now as ever they were. * *

"The man who goes back on the mother country now is a vile traitor and not worthy of the name of Canadian * * * Such a man who casts a vote on the 21st of September in favor of a Laurier candidate is a traitor to Canada and a disloyal subject to his majesty."

With such goings-on, it is not surprising that Sir Wilfrid Laurier, prime minister, has determined to come to the maritime provinces and take up the cudgels of war in his own defense. He has arranged a tour of the entire eastern country and will appear before the people and possibly explain the motive which prompted him to take up the reciprocity treaty with President Taft.

R. L. Borden, Conservative leader of the entire dominion, is now in the central sections, but learning of Sir Wilfred Laurier's intention to invade the maritime provinces, has headed this way. He will make speeches in all the towns where Sir Wilfrid Laurier will address the people. In advance of these speeches Borden has just issued a manifesto in which he, with more restraint than many of his helpers, puts reciprocity forth as the main issue and tells why in his opinion it will work to the ruin of Canada. This manifesto is being widely distributed by the active Conservatives in the eastern provinces.

In it Borden thus outlines the menace of reciprocity:

"It tends to segregate and separate the provinces of Canada which confederation aimed to unite.

"It shatters the ideal and hope of reciprocity with the empire. The President of the United States has avowed that the main purpose with which he sought the treaty was to prevent consolidation of the British empire.

"It brings Canada to the parting of the ways, turns her from the path of Canadian unity and British connection and leads her along the way to Washington.

Menaces Transportation.

"It stultifies the unexampled sacrifices of half a century which the Canadian people have cheerfully made for the high purpose of bringing the provinces east and west together by closer trade.

"It is a direct and serious menace to our transportation interests, which have been built up at such heavy cost.

"It makes Canada a commercial appendage of the nited States and virtually surrenders the control of her destinies.

"It interlocks our finance system with that of the United States and fetters the power of parliament to alter our tariff according to the just requirements of our people.

"It makes an absurd pretense of bringing relief to the farmer by exposing him to the competition of the world in everything that he sells and by continuing the existing burden of taxation on everything he buys.

"It will give to American trusts a power, an influence and control in Canada equal to that which has been exercised so remorselessly and unsparingly in the United States.

CANADIAN OFFICIAL SAYS U. S. WOULD FIGHT FOR TREATY

Winnipeg, Man., August 21.—Attorney General Hon. H. Campbell, of Manitoba, conservative, made perhaps the most interesting statement of the campaign in referring to Sir Wilfrid Laurier's statement at Simcoe—that the reciprocity pact could be repealed within one year—when he said:

"What ever such nonsense talked by a prime minister? To repeal the pact within a year would cause great affront to the United States and to the people of the United States. It would disturb business of the United States, and the states would, on one pretext or other, pick a quarrel with Canada and force war on us."

A. C. Rutherford, late premier of Alberta, has issued a challenge to the Hon. Frank Oliver to have both their bank acounts submitted to a judge of the supreme court for examination.

This challenge is the outcome of a statement by Mr. Oliver that he understood that Mr. Rutherford had a bank account bigger than $69,000, the one much talked of, and he suggested that it should be thrown open to the public.

WILSON ON STAND

Secretary of Agriculture Tells of Troubles in the Department.

Washington, August 21.—Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, testifying today before the house investigating committee, severely criticised Dr. H. W. Wiley, of the bureau of chemistry, for his course in regard to pure food and drug work, and told in a more or less general way of the "family troubles" which led to the recommendation for Dr. Wiley's dismissal.

Secretary Wilson declared that Dr. Wiley, in his testimony before the committee, had withheld material matters in regard to the controversy over sulphur dioxide in fruit. He complained that Dr. Wiley did not come to him to discuss subjects about which he had talked freely to the investigating committee and promised to have a little chat with the chief of the bureau of chemistry when he returned from a week's vacation.

Calls It a Kindness.

In appointing the pure food and drug inspection board and in the creation of the referee board, Secretary Wilson said he considered Dr. Wiley had been done a kindness rather than insulted as a chemist.

Secretary Wilson shifted all responsibility for the employment of Dr. H. H. Rusby to Dr. Wiley.

Secretary Wilson said that Dr. Wiley was without question the head of the bureau. Asked about his object in creating a pure food and drug inspection board, the secretary said that he felt more power attached to a board decision than to a one-man decision.

He's Criticised.

"There are people who criticise me," said the secretary. "Even the President of the United States is sometimes criticised, and if I remember correctly, there were those who shouted as the Savior passed by, 'Crucify him, crucify him!' So I wanted a board."

The witness was asked why he appointed a "mixed board," consisting of two chemists, Dr. Wiley and Dr. Dunlap, and a lawyer, Solicitor McCabe.

"It may be that it was not necessary to have a lawyer on the board because of the prosecutions which must be passed on by the board," said the secretary. "It may be that a farmer like me or you, Mr. Chairman, could take a case into court, but I don't believe we would do very well with it."

"Has it worked out very well?"

"I think you gentlemen have gone far enough to ascertain that the family has not been as happy as it might have been."

LIGHTNING CAUSES DAMAGE

Destroys John D.'s Property and Creates School Panic.

New York, August 16.—Sweeping over a section of the state a severe electrical storm today damaged the beautiful Pocantico Hills estate of John D. Rockefeller and brought panic, suffering and property loss to New York city.

A panic occured at public school No. 91 when it was struck by lightning. A thousand children were at studies. That the panic of children and parents who rushed to the building after the crash was not followed by an appalling distaster, was due to the coolness of the principal, Miss Carrie O'Rourke.

Miss Becker, who had 500 children playing "nine pins" on the ground floor, sent her assistants to the doors of the class rooms and blocked them against the panic-stricken rush of the youngsters. Miss Becker herself ran to the piano and began playing "A Hot Time in the Old Town." Attention of the children was thus divided and they were marched out under control.

BACHELOR, 117, LIKES PIPE

Also a Nip Now and Then and Is Hale and Hearty.

Lincoln, Neb., August 19.—Thomas Morris, of Westerville, Neb., aged 117, is the oldest man in Nebraska. He never married. He has always smoked and used liquor in a moderate degree. He drinks coffee, two or three cups of it, at each one of his three meals. He never used glasses until a few years ago, and now only for close work.

Morris was born in Wales, January 15, 1794. He came to America at the age of 78, and for four years lived at at New Hampton, Harrison county, Me. For more than a century he has been a cobbler. He worked steadily on the bench up until a few years ago.

CUTS OUT QUARTER OF SKULL

Surgeon's Daring Operation Upon Infant May Be Success.

White Plains, N. Y., August 21.—In an effort to effect a cure of paralysis that has existed since birth, Dr. William J. Meyer yesterday performed a rare and unusual operation upon 19 months old Francis J. O'Beirne, removing a piece of the child's skull about three inches in diameter. The infant rallied from the operation and is now fairly on the road to recovery.

The operation was a delicate and dangerous one, and a piece of bone equivalent to one-fourth of the entire skull, and which was pressing upon the brain, was removed. The baby is no longer helpless, but can use parts of its body which previously were paralyzed.

Even for Advocate He Wouldn't Talk

New York, August 17.—J. P. Morgan, who arrived from Europe on the Olympic yesterday, was met by a large group of reporters, and received them in his well-known Chesterfieldian manner. When asked if he was going to make a statement he replied.

"I have nothing to say here; I have nothing to say here."

"Do you intend to appear before the steel committeee?"

"Go away and let me alone."

He dropped his cane and had a lucid interval long enough to thank a reporter who restored it. Then he tried to light his big cigar with a ship's match.

"Bring me some matches," he called to the steward. "These matches are not worth a d——."

When the ship docked Mr. Morgan was the first man off. His son "Jack" met him. They went to the Corsair, and as he went he said to his son:

"What do these papers want with me? Why are they so unusually anxious this time?"

"They are always anxious to see you," said his son.

"Well, I have nothing to say to them," Mr. Morgan said.

After the reporters had tried all of their wiles on Mr. Morgan a youngster approached him and said:

"Mr. Morgan, I am from the Christian Advocate, and my paper is especially anxious to know what you, as a great churchman, think of the problem of divorce and subsequent marriage."

Morgan got him by the shoulders, turned him square around and said:

"Go back to the Christian Advocate quick."

SLIGHTLY DAMAGED BIBLES AT SACRIFICE PRICES.

I had the misfortune to have several hundred Protestant and Catholic Bibles slightly damaged in transit. The damage is so slight it would take an expert to detect it, and yet I do not propose to put out anything to my trade that is not absolutely first-class, without making due explanation. Bibles such as these have never been sold for less than $5.00 and frequently have sold at $7.50 and $10.00. They are beautifully bound in leather with gilt edges, and are known as the **Self-Pronouncing New Illuminated Bible.** They contain marginal references, a concordance and over 800 illustrations.

The Catholic Bibles are the authorized Douay Version, bound in Limp Russia Leather.

My Proposition.

Send me $1.34 and I will send you by express, charges prepaid, your choice of either a Protestant or Catholic Bible, with the understanding that if found unsatisfactory same can be returned and money refunded.

W. H. REDWIN, 510 THE ARCADE
Cleveland, Ohio.

The editor of The Blade knows this concern to be thoroughly trustworthy and reliable.

TELLS OF CHANGE ON SYRUP RULING

Wiley Says Decision Adverse to Corn Products Was Reversed.

Washington, August 18.—Dr. H. W. Wiley, the pure food expert, added another sensation to the house inquiry into agricultural department affairs today. He declared that a ruling adverse to the so-called "corn syrup" manufacturing interests, promulgated by the bureau of chemistry, the food and drug inspection board and Secretary Wilson himself, had suddenly been changed into a favorable opinion without being referred to him or his associates.

Dr. Wiley charged that the manufacturers of this product had offered money to prominent commercial chemists of the United States to secure opinions supporting their contention that "corn syrup" was a proper name for glucose. The board of food and drug inspection, endorsing the bureau of chemistry, found that "corn syrup" was an illegal label on glucose.

"All the board joined in the decision," Dr. Wiley said, "and the decision was approved by the secretary. This decision was sent to the printing office, was set up and proofs taken, but it was never sent out.

"Later an exactly contrary decision was published by the three members of the cabinet vested with the jurisdiction in such matters as a pure food decision under the food and drugs act.

GET POWER
The Supply Comes From Food.

If we get power from food why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer.

"From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain, disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one apepars from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

HERE'S REAL STORY BEHIND ALL THIS ROW OVER WILEY

It's a War Between Picklemakers, With a Bit of Roosevelt Tobasco Thrown In—What the Remsen Board Is and What It Did.

Washington, August 17.—If you array yourself on the side of Dr. Wiley you are at once enrolled, in spite of yourself, as the advocate of one line of pickle factories; and if you choose the side of Secretary Wilson and the Remsen board you are just as certainly and as swiftly set down as belonging among the supporters of another line of pickle factories.

These are facts to be kept in mind while trying to arrive at a decently fair understanding of the merits of the big row now centering about Dr. Wiley, and which will end in his dismissal or retention by the president, as the case may be.

The discreet who want to see the fight will climb a tree.

Dr. Wiley and the Remsen board are simply the visible signs of battle. Behind each is an immense aggregation of capital invested in the pickle, catsup and general condiment business. Those supporting Dr. Wiley claim no preservative is necessary in the production of pickles, catsups, etc:. if the business is conducted properly, this being Dr. Wiley's position, while those supporting the Remsen board allege that a preservative not only is necessary but that the very people who support Dr. Wiley, and claim to use no preservative, do use one. The Remsen board has taken no position on this question. It has been drawn into the contest because it has declared harmless a preservative pronounced harmful by Dr. Wiley.

It's an Old Row.

But the Dr. Wiley row dates back a long time. It will be remembered that Dr. Harvey W. Wiley for years was the foremost advocate of a pure food law in this country. That is, he made the most disturbance about the question. Most people will recollect his "poison squad" operations, conducted by him in his capacity as chief of the bureau of chemistry of the department of agriculture. By these means and others it is undoubtedly true that he exercised more influence than any other man toward the final passage of the pure food law. He gained wide fame and engineered the matter so skilfully that the law made him principal administrator thereof, although there was no particular reason for this business to be centered in the department of agriculture, especially as the government has a department of the interior and no department of health. At any rate Dr. Wiley got it, and at once began the issue of mandates for the guidance of those preparing foods and to prosecute those violating the law. At least he decided which should be prosecuted.

Went Well for a Time.

The doctor went all right and without friction as long as he was given his head. And this Secretary Wilson gave him because the secretary, amiable old gentleman, is not supposed to interfere with anybody about his department very much. But one day Dr. Wiley ran athwart one Col. Roosevelt, then president of the United States. This was early in 1908. The colonel was not disposed to cry down the strict administration of the pure food law. On the contrary he was strenuously for it. But when Dr. Wiley proposed to issue a circular denouncing the use of old Mr. Benzoate O'Soda as a food preservative the pickle and catsup men came running to protest. The doctor would not listen to them, so they went to the White House, and asked the president to intervene to save their property, claiming they could not do business without a preservative, and especially this preservative about to be put under a curse by the doctor.

President Roosevelt sent for Dr. Wiley to hear his side of the argument. The doctor insisted that benzoate of soda must go. He said it was harmful, and incidentally he also said another preparation was harmful and ought to be denounced. Now it happened that the president had had some personal experience with the other preparation, and did not believe it harmful. So he decided to accede to the request of the pickle and catsup men to have the Wiley order held up until the president could take steps to satisfy himself whether the doctor was right. The president chose to leave the question of the harmfulness of benzoate of soda to a committee or board of five of the most eminent chemists in the country. He selected Dr. Remsen, president of Johns Hopkins university, as chairman of this board, which is how it happens to be known as the Remsen board.

The other members were Prof. Russel H. Chittenden, of Yale; Dr. John A. Long, of Northwestern university; Dr. Alonzo H. Taylor, of the University of California, and Dr. Christian A. Herter, of Columbia university, New York.

Board Takes a Look.

This board examined into the qualities of benzoate of soda, as used in the preservation of foods, and decided it harmless in the limited quantities necessary for such preservation purposes. Also it appears to have aroused a sleeping lion, said sleeping lion being Dr. Wiley. But the lion did not roar. The roaring was left to others, although it is to be assumed that the doctor enjoyed the noise. Which noise, it may be stated, consisted largely in big advertisements in the newspapers and magazines, inserted by the anti-benzoate of soda pickle and catsup people, declaring that in their goods no drug of any kind was used as a preservative.

Of course the other pickle and catsup people who used benzoate of soda were sore. The law and Dr. Wiley required them to stick a label on their bottles stating the exact nature of the preservative used, and the amount. And so the pickle and catsup interests split into two armies. One declared allegiance to Dr. Wiley and advertised that its goods contained no benzoate of soda. The other hoisted the Remsen board banner and pasted benzoate of soda labels on the necks of its bottles. The benzoate fellows, enraged by the flaming advertising done by the anti-benzoaters, declared that pickles and catsup simply could not be put up so they would stay without some kind of a preservative. They spent much money having the product of the antis analyzed by the foremost chemists to be found in the world, but have never publicly announced that they knew what the anti-benzoaters used to make their product keep. They simply claimed, and still claim, that the antis use something.

But President Taft hesitates. He premits it to be understood that it may be some time before he decides what he will do with Dr. Wiley. The reason for this lies largely in the fact that the doctor is one of the vest best advertisers in the United States. By means of the bully stories derived from his poison squad exploits and from numerous other things the doctor has made it handy for the newspaper writers to learn the name of Dr. Wiley has come to have a repute throughout the country as that of the chief pure food scout of North America. Thousands of people believe him to be a very great, a very learned and a very skilful chemist, although agricultural chemistry heretofore has not stood high in deciding what is poison.

And while President Taft is waiting and studying, the Democrats have seen their opportunity and are making the most of it. Through the committee on expenditures in the department of agriculture, they are setting Dr. Wiley high upon a pedestal and are trying hard to demonstrate that the "administration policy" of recognizing benzoate of soda as a legitimate preservative, is simply another evidence of the baseness of the Republican party in subordinating the health of the millions to the demands of the rich pickle corporations, the Remsen board of distinguished scientists to the contrary notwithstanding. The hearings before this committee are now going on daily, and are generally funny enough to suggest the makings of a pretty fair comic opera.

COREY MAY BE HEAD

Republic, Bethlehem and Lackawanna Companies May Combine.

Pittsburg, August 21.—Another great steel merger to embrace the Republic Iron and Steel Co., the Bethlehem Co. and the Lackawanna, with Charles M. Schwab and William Ellis Corey, former heads of the United States Steel Corporation, as leaders in a new steel movement, is the project under way, according to Pittsburg steel men.

Corey, according to men of prominence here, both in the steel corporation and among the independents, is to succeed the late John W. Gates as head of the Republic company, and this is said to be only the forerunner of the much-talked-of amalgamation of the three great independent corporations and probably a number of others. Strength is added to this by the recent statement made by Corey that he would re-enter the steel business in an active campaign.

Law Not in the Way.

Attorneys declare nothing stands in the way of such a merger. The United States supreme court's interpretation of the Sherman law, it is said, would make the union of these independents clearly legal.

Since his withdrawal from the United States Steel Corporation, Corey has been watching closely the independent steel business and following closely the lines of Mr. Gates. It is now claimed that the death of Gates has left Corey as his logical successor. Nothing of late in the steel trade has attracted so much attention as this proposed move on the part of Corey, who is recognized as a strong operating man in the steel trade and familiar with the situation in every department of the business.

Would Be Strong Team.

It is said should the Republic Iron and Steel Co. make the change indicated, it would mean another step forward in the long expected amalgamation of the Republic Iron and Steel Co. and the Bethlehem and other large independent companies that now stand on their own bottom and depend on outside sources for any part of their supplies of raw material.

At any rate, Pittsburg steel men said today that with C. M. Schwab at the head of the Bethlehem Steel Co. and W. E. Corey at the head of the Republic Iron and Steel Co., there would be a combination that would make a fine showing in the competitive business with the steel corporation.

The report also revives the old story that had actual basis a few years ago that there would be a merger of the Bethlehem Steel Co., the Lackawanna Steel Co., and the Republic Iron and Steel Co. That movement was under way when the government began its attack on all corporation affairs, and the promoters decided to drop it for the time, at least.

FINDS $3,000,000 IN A SAFE

Lumberman's Son Opens Deposit Box on Wealth.

St. Paul, Minn., August 18.—More than $3,000,000 worth of securities were found yesterday when the safety deposit vault of the late John A. Humbird, lumberman, was opened by his son, Thomas J. Humbird, of Spokane.

A representative of the county treasurer was on hand to list the property for the inheritance tax.

LIGHTNING DOES LEGERDEMAIN

Turns Clock, Puts Lamp Where Clock Had Been.

Vineland, N. J., August 18.—Lightning struck the home of Prof. J. B. Doty last night and set it on fire in five places, tore plaster from every room in the house, loosened the studding, turned a clock around and moved a lamp to where the clock had been, broke three mirrors and printed fern leaves on another, killed a cat and only stunned her kittens, killed one chicken and melted the chicken yard wire.

TWISTER TEARS UP TOWNS

Cyclone Kills Two and Causes $200,000 Damage.

Phoenix, Ariz., August 18.—Damage estimated at $200,000 was caused by a cloudburst and "twister" that swept over Winkleman and Hayden Wednesday night, according to reports received here. One woman was killed and her son injured by failing timbers. The dead body of a child was found in a wrecked house. At Winkleman, nearly 200 buildings were blown down.

MAIL ORDER MARKET
CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

BE a big money maker. We teach you how and start you in business for yourself. You can learn on the side and make money hand over fist. Your friends will wonder how you do it. Full particulars free. Antiseptic Manufacturing Co., 1841 Barry avenue, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN to write advertisements while employed, earn $25 to $100 a week. Write for free prospectus. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page Bldg., Chicago.

MEN.—Marble and granite cleaning business. Your own county. Good opportunity. F. L. Stine, P. O. Box 1701, New York City.

AGENTS.

AGENT—Framed Pictures 25c, Portraits 45c. Sheet pictures 3c; 30 days credit, free catalog, samples. Family Portrait Co., Dept. F, Wayne, Ill.

NEW Household Leader. Sells itself. $8 made daily; 27 fast sellers. Write for sample and catalogue today. Novelty Co., 1014, Houghton, N.Y.

HELP WANTED.

EARN good pay copying addresses. Particulars six stamps. Hinchey, 166, Middleport, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS.

JOIN Hub Postcard Exchange: lots of fun; membership 10c. Ross Charles, Roxbury, Mass.

WANTED—All kinds of Roots, Barks, Herbs, leaves, etc., used in medicines. Write for circular. Grund Co., N. Philadelphia, Pa.

I GAINED 18 pounds healthy solid flesh in 27 days. I'll tell how. Send 10c. Dept. M, Box 237 Wilkesbarre, Pa.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost— Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita Kansas.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

WOMEN—Prompt Relief; Natures's Remedy often cures the most obstinate or delayed menstruation; one day; guaranteed; price $1. Nature Remedy Co., Desk 19, Pittsburg, Pa.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

FINE—I use it. Madam Frayard's Magic Beautifier. Sample, ten cents silver. May White, R. D. 6, Box 11, Owosso, Mich.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only **$3.00** for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a **Quarter Million Homes,** from Maine to California, and before over a **Million Readers** every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I, enclose copy of an advertisement to measure...... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $...... to cover the cost of same.

Name ....
Street ....
City and State..

Changes Since the Census

According to the health department in New York the population of that city passed the 5,000,000 limit about August 1. The census taken in April, last year, credited the metropolis with 4,766,883 inhabitants. The gain thus claimed for the greatest city in the world, London alone excepted, is about 233,000 in three and one-half months more than a year.

It is not improbable that the growth of New York has been as much as this estimate. The city has been expanding at a wonderful rate and its gains in the decade before the last census were equal to about 133,000 annually, or 170,000 in such an interval as that which has passed since the census of 1910. The bigger the great city becomes the more rapid its daily and yearly increase is and it may well have added 233,000 to its inhabitants in the last year and three and one-half months over.

The fact is that the changes which have certainly taken place since the census are numerous and extensive. The rate of the country's progress is so great that one year makes many statistics inaccurate. The growth of the United States as a whole has been at least 2,000,000 in the brief period since the federal count was made. The state of New York has gained not less than 275,000.

It is certain that since the census there have been changes in the size of states and cities which have altered their relative position. Oklahoma has passed Kansas since the census gave both states their official rating for ten years. Washington has surely overtaken Nebraska and dropped it behind, and there is a chance that Washington has also gone by West Virginia. North Dakota has slipped past South Dakota. The two were only 6,000 apart when the census was taken, and the more northern state was growing 40 per cent. faster. North Carolina has probably overtaken and beaten Iowa.

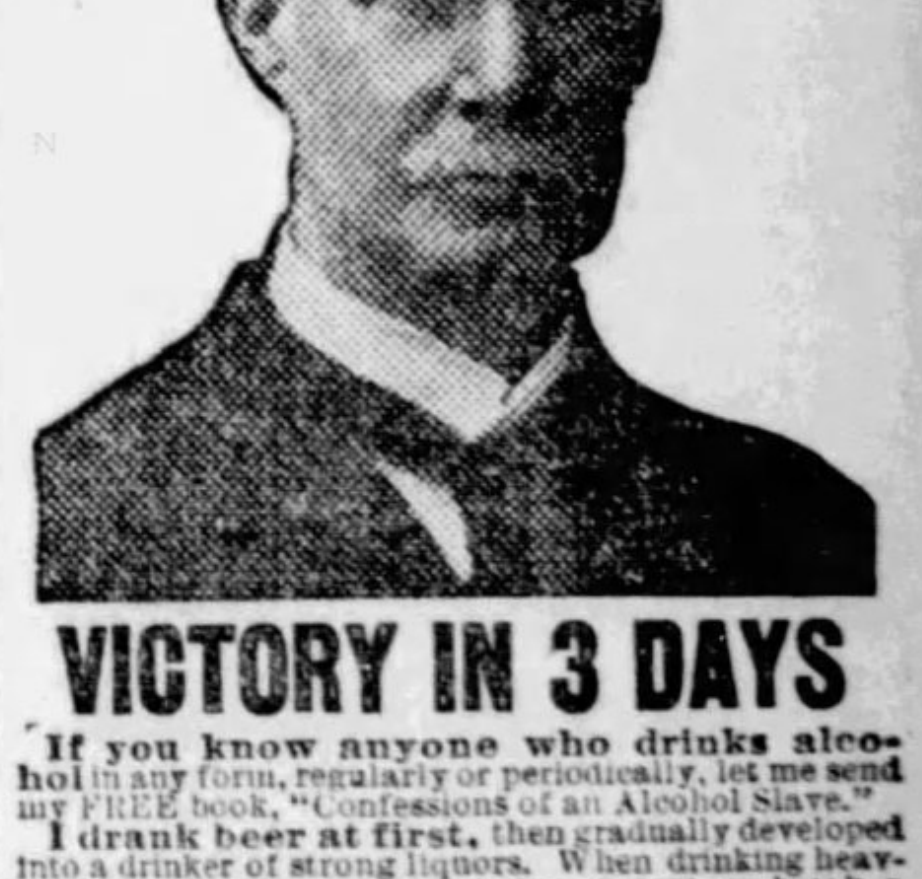
The shifting of positions among cities has been much more common than changes in the rank of the states. Los Angeles has probably dropped Washington one notch lower in the list. Akron has surely passed Hoboken. Dallas must be ahead of Camden and Salt Lake City now. Pasadena has certainly passed Newport, Kentucky; La Cross, Wis.; Lima, O.; Chelsea, Mass.; Decatur, Ill.; Niagara Falls, and Jackson, Mich. In 15 months and a half Lorain, Cleveland's suburb, has passed Council Bluffs, Iowa, and San Jose, California.

Such changes can be demonstrated, practically, without a census. They are proved by the difference in the rate of gain in the cities concerned, the gaps which separated them when the census was taken in 1910, and the conditions known to have existed since then. There is no doubt, for instance, that Lincoln, Neb., has been overtaken and dropped behind by New Britain, Conn.; Salem, Mass.; and Topeka, Kans. It is equally clear that Canton, O., has caught and passed Saginaw, Mich.

In countries there may be differences in the growth of 15 months which run into millions. In that space of time the increase in the population of India is not less than 3,000,000. In France it is not more than 50,000 or 60,000. The gain of the Russian Empire is likewise about 3,000,000 and in the same period the growth of the United Kingdom is not more than 500,000 or 600,000.

One year of increase in the world as a whole is not less than 10,000,000. It is quite possible that the growth is at the rate of 1,000,000 a month or even more. Such figures bring out in striking fashion the tremendous expansion and vitality of the great human family, for a year is not long as time goes in the affairs of nations or in the story of mankind.

I WAS A Heavy Drinker
Consumed Quart of Whisky Every 24 Hours.



VICTORY IN 3 DAYS

If you know anyone who drinks alcohol in any form, regularly or periodically, let me send my FREE book, "Confessions of an Alcohol Slave."

I drank beer at first, then gradually developed into a drinker of strong liquors. When drinking heavily I wouldn't hesitate to pawn my coat or break a saloon window to get spirits. For long periods I would drink over a quart of whisky, rum or gin daily. And often some mixed drinks and beer additionally!

I damaged business, health and social opportunities, made family miserable, lost real friends and became an unworthy, unwelcome burden upon all except the saloonkeepers, who cheerfully took my money for the poison they gave me.

For 16 years I kept it up, and I was regarded as a hopeless case. Various "cures" did me no good. But now I have **a joyous message** for drinkers and

Mothers, Wives, Sisters

While drifting from bad to worse, as all slaves of King Alcohol do, I unexpectedly **found a true remedy.** It saved my life. **My health was quickly restored.** I became and am a respectable man, enjoying every benefit of freedom from the accursed alcohol. I speedily and naturally lost all desire for drink. I took less and less. I began to prefer tea, coffee, buttermilk and other non-alcoholic liquids; the **craving for liquor ceased.** I could sleep perfectly, my stomach became well and I recovered from other ailments which I now know were due to my indulgence in strong drink.

WONDERFUL

It was done in 3 days; if I had relied upon will power or faith I would still be a drunkard, because an alcohol slave has **no will power while drinking.** I rejoiced so greatly at having found true relief that I decided to devote my life to removing the curse from others. My success has been marvelous, for I have a reliable, guaranteed Set of Remedies adapted for sending to any home, anywhere. My Remedies have saved legions of drinkers; the list includes very many persons notable in all walks of life, including those of brains and those of physical energy. I will send you **testimonials by the hundreds,** every one of which you can verify. Many were saved from the drink habit because they *desired* to get rid of it forever and others who did not have any will-power left, were rescued *without their knowledge* by loving wives, mothers, or friends. The after effect of taking my Remedies give energy throughout the entire body; the mind, memory and will-power are *wonderfully strengthened.*

I tell about the secret in my book, which I send FREE to every person (or relative or friend) who takes alcohol in any form to excess. My one purpose in life is to **save the drunkard.** I rejoice in every victory; each victim has my sympathy. What I promise is absolutely guaranteed. My Remedies are for either **steady or periodical drinkers.** Think of it—**a complete and delightful overcoming of drink habit between Friday night and Monday night**—or any other 72 hours!

FOR MEN OR WOMEN, ANY AGE.

To relatives, friends, or employers I say—if you want to save a drinker in the quickest time and completely, with or without his knowledge and with absolute safety, read my book—*changes despair to joy.*

ABSOLUTELY FREE

I will send you my book, in plain wrapper, promptly, postpaid. It tells of my own career and the wonderful discovery, and gives valuable information. No other book like it. I especially appeal to those who have wasted money on treatments or remedies which had no lasting effect. Remember, **it costs nothing** and you will always be glad that you wrote. Correspondence strictly confidential. Keep this adv. if you cannot write to-day. Address:

EDWARD J. WOODS,
534 Sixth Ave., 490 F, New York, N.Y.

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

MARY CASSIDY'S DIVORCE.

By ELIZABETH AYRES

'TWAS Mary Cassidy that had me near jumpin' outen me skin, wan evenin' racent, when 'twas no evenin' at all, at all, it bein' near ten o'clock av the night an' all of us Donovans swately slapin', savin' the wans av us that was not, that same bein' Mickey, me eldest, him havin' a steady job, an' him actin' that independent, an' meself, me havin' a steady job av patchin' the clothes av me two youngest lads, they havin' to go to bed, whilst that same was bein' done.

'Twas me that was near to slapin' over me work, let alone me bein' that worried wid tryin' to tell which was patches an' which was pants, when 'twas outside me door, 'twas me that heard Mary Cassidy callin'.

"Ann Donovan," says she, "if ye are in, come out," says she, speakin' wid excitement.

"For why do ye not come in?" says I.

"I will not," says she, speakin' wid firmness. "'Tis bad news I have to be tellin' ye this day, an' 'tis me that'll be speakin' that same in the dark."

"Whatever have ye been doin', now, Mary Cassidy," says I, "ye actin' ashamed to show your face to the light," says I, t'rowin' down me work, which same I near fell over, when I took an' started to run, me havin' t'rowed it under me feet.

'Twas me that let out a screech, when Mary Cassidy grabbed me arm in the dark, me two eyes bein' yet filled wid the light av me kitchen, an' me bein' no owl.

"Aw," says she, near to cryin', be the sound av her voice, "'tis a sad day Mary Cassidy is seein' this night. Me heart is that sad an' sore, 'tis most broke."

'Twas her that had me climbin' the wall, me not knowin' whether 'twas play-actin' she was doin', or if Cassidy had come home dead, though 'twas not me that had saw the excitement which would have been caused be that same.

"What's ailin' ye, Mary Cassidy?" says I. "Will ye or will ye not be tellin' Ann Donovan the truth?"

"I will," says she. "For why should I be yellin' bloody murder screechin' for ye to come out, if 'twas not to be telling' that same. Whisper," says she, wid her fuzzy, red head that clost to me nose, 'twas me that let out wan fierce sneeze.

"'Tis iligant manners you're showin' Mrs. Donovan," says she, speakin' wid indignation. "'Tis me that's sore-hearted, an' 'tis you that's handed me wan fierce sneeze in the face."

"For which 'tis me that's askin' to be forgave," says I, speakin' wid politeness, "'twas the both av us that took an' gave wan laugh thin, an' 'twas us that set down on me kitchen steps, wid me hopin' Mary Cassidy would be t'rowin' no more fits.

"Aw, Ann Donovan," says she, drawin' wan sigh that come the full length av her, an' flappin' her two hands in the air, "sure, 'tis a hard world for us women, wid nothin' doin' but trouble the day ye marry the man ye can't live widout, an' when 'tis himself that ye've married, 'tis not ye that's knowin' how to live in the house wid that same."

"Ain't it the truth," says I.

"It is," says she, "'tis me that's well knowin' this day," says she, her givin' wan more fierce sigh an' flappin' her two hands in the air, wid a get-away motion.

"Aw, Ann Donovan," says she, "'tis Cassidy an' me that's near parted be wurds an' a hair cut. Av the two, 'tis not me that's knowin' which wan is the worst. If ye could see me Dennis, 'tis not ye that would be knowin' him for me youngest, be the style of the hair that Cassidy has gave him to wear."

"Well, what do ye know about that!" says I.

"'Tis me that's knowin' it all," says she. "'Tis the laborin' man when he gets a day offen his job, that's raisin' the divil at home. 'Tis so wid Cassidy, as I have saw this day."

"'Tis so wid Donovan," says I. "'Tis him that has no more sinse than a goat, whin he's offen his job. 'Tis him that's not knowin' from wan minute till the nixt wan what to do wid himself, an' him trompin' the floor till the carpet is wore out, if 'twas carpet we had, which same we have not."

"'Tis me that's well knowin' that same, Ann Donovan," says she, "Cassidy havin' been offen his job this day, an' him actin' somethin' fierce, whin 'twas him that could do no more loafin'. Sure, 'twas him that was sayin' the first thing this mornin', an' him layin' in bed, smokin' his pipe wid grand airs, 'twas him that was sayin', 'Aw, 'tis grand to be livin' like the idle rich. What have ye for breakfast this day, Mrs. Cassidy?'

"'Twas me that took an' gave him ham an' eggs for his breakfast, wid corn beef an' cabbage for dinner, till there was no rest for his stummick, nor for Mary Cassidy, him gettin' that quarrelsome an' fault-findin', 'twas me that was most drove wild, an' 'twas me that took an' handed him back talk. Aw, Ann Donovan," says she, "'tis a sad day for me this night."

Wid that, she t'rowed her apron over her head an' said nothing at all, whilst 'twas me that was not knowin' whether 'twas laughin' or cryin' she was, her bein' as quick wid the wan as the other.

"Thin, it's quarrelin' ye an' Cassidy do be doin'?" says I, "an' for why?"

"'Tis worse," says she. "'Tis us that's near parted, an' 'tis me that's afther gettin' a divorce."

Wid that, 'twas me that let out a screech an' grabbed Mary Cassidy be the shoulder, me shakin' her well.

"Whativer are ye sayin' an' thinkin,' woman?" says I. "An ye the mother av eight, let alone Dennis your youngest, an' ye always makin' out Cassidy the fine man an' the grand looker, though 'tis not me that iver saw good looks on the face av the likes av him, though 'tis him that has a rale good heart."

Wid that, Mary Cassidy let out a fierce kick wid wan foot, an' 'twas me that was chokin' wid laughin', me well knowin' 'twas her that was dyin' to be fightin' for Cassidy, her favorin' him to beat the band, though 'twas now she was mad.

"'Tis me that's afther gettin' a divorce, Ann Donovan," says she, speakin' wid firmness. "Be the news av the papers, they do be around quite stylish. Divorce is a steady job for thim lawyers. Am I a liar?" says she, speakin' that haughty an' proud.

"Ye are not, Mary Cassidy," says I. "'Tis true ye do be speakin', though 'tis not me that iver was thinkin' that parted ye'd ever be from the likes o' Cassidy. 'Tis sad news to be hearin' that same."

Wid that 'twas me that gave a fierce sigh, wid me two eyes slanted at Mary Cassidy, me lookin' for her to t'row up her hands an' say 'twas lyin' she was.

"Aw, what do ye think Cassidy took an' done, let alone us havin' back talk!" says she, speakin' wid excitement. "'Twas him that took an' gave Dennis a haircut, somethin' fierce, lavin' him wid no hair at all, at all, savin' where 'twas left in chunks, an' him sayin' thim curls av Dennis' was only fit for a girl, which same he is not, an' him wid a haircut ye'd go heartbroke to see, Cassidy bein' no barber, an' him laughin' whin 'twas me that was cryin' wid havin' Dennis me baby no more.

"Sure, 'twas Dennis that was not carin' at all, him thinkin' 'twas grand sport him an' Cassidy was havin'. Aw, 'tis heartbroke ye'll be whin ye see the haircut av Dennis, me youngest."

"Dear, dear," says I. "Now would ye think he'd be doin' the likes o' that on ye, Mary Cassidy?"

"'Tis the likes o' that he's done," says she, "an' 'tis me that's after gettin' a divorce. That iver I should have saw this day' an' me goin' to be a poor widdy, wid eight, an' wid Cassidy trompin home no more. 'Tis me that'll be havin' to accommodate more'n one lady wid washin'. 'Tis me that'll be workin' till me fingers is wore to the bone. Aw, the sad day it is this night for the likes o' Mary Cassidy. 'Tis me heart that's broke. 'Tis me that's suppin' sorrow wid a big spoon, an' for why? 'Tis wurds an' a haircut that's parted me an' Cassidy. 'Tis for less cause that many a wan gets a divorce. Am I a liar?" says she.

'Twas not me that had the back answer for speakin', me niver havin' saw Mary Cassidy that steady mad before.

Sure 'twas a glad sight when 'twas me that saw himself standin' forninst his door, an' him blinkin' out in the dark, lookin' for Mary Cassidy.

"'Tis not me that'll be takin' wan wurd offen the likes o' him," says she, speakin' wid coldness, her havin' saw that same sight, for which same 'twas me that was well knowin' she'd been lookin' since she'd come over wid excitement and broke up me job.

"Mary Cassidy, come home," says he, speakin' wid aut'ority.

"I will not," says she, tossin' the red head av her wid proudness, an' her givin' me wan look outen the tail av her eye. Sure 'twas her that had me laughin' that quick, me havin' saw 'twas Mary Cassidy that was mad no more.

"Mary Cassidy, come home," says himself. "'Tis Dennis that's needin' ye bad, wid corn beef an' cabbage raisin' the divil wid his stummick, let alone his haircut lavin' the head av him cold. Will ye come home?" says he.

"I will," says she.

Wid that' she took an' cut acrost the yard, wid niver a wurd for Ann Donovan. 'Twas me that saw her take an' hand Cassidy wan grand punch in the chist when she wint apast him t'rough the door, an' 'twas me that was knowin' be that sign that Mary Cassidy was not afther gettin' no divorce.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO
Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

A CONTENTED MAN

Dear Blade—I have enjoyed The Peace Page so much I decided to try to write a letter myself. I like The Blade and have taken it for several years. I like it so well that I am greatly disappointed when it does not come on time. I am a poor man and cannot afford to take many papers, so The Blade just suits me, with its stories, poetry, news, "dandy" editorials, Sunday school lesson and letters—in fact, it is an all-round good paper, at least it just suits me. The Question Bureau itself is worth the price of the paper to a fellow like me, as I am without access to any good library.

I live in the hills of Southern Indiana, near French Lick Springs, the well known health and pleasure resort. I own my home of five acres, on a good pike road, less than four miles from the town. I have the best wife in the world and four sweet children—two girls and two boys. We have several chickens and a good cow. We raise a good deal of stuff and I can always get work, so we live, not luxuriously, but contentedly.

I love the woods where a man can get out by himself and seem almost face to face with his God. It sweetens one's nature and makes a better man of him.

With success to The Blade and its deserving readers, I will close, hoping to see this in print.—Bud Hoosier, Indiana.

WHERE LITTLE BOATS SAIL

Hello to the Cozy Corner Friends—I have long been a reader of the dear old Blade, and enjoy the letters so well that I will, with your permission and that of Elizabeth, attempt to scribble a few lines. I am living in North Carolina, on a little farm of my own, near a beautiful bay at the head of the Pamlico sound, 25 miles from the Atlantic ocean, where one can see many things that would interest you mountain people very much. There is a sea on the east side for you to look at, 3,600 miles wide. Pamlico sound, to the west, is 45 miles long. On this beach there are hundreds of ponies, little horses that get their own living. At Cape Hatteras there is a light tower 200 feet high to the light. It is built of brick and cement. There you can rake up wagon loads of beautiful shells, of every shape and color.

On the sound there are many fisheries. Thousands and thousands of dollars are paid out every year for fish and oysters. There are hundreds and thousands of bushels caught and sold here. If some of you mountain folks could be down here, where you could see the little sailboats, with their nets and crews, sailing and catching oysters and fish, you would be much delighted to watch the fun going on. The fish are packed in ice and shipped all over the country.

Well, I want you all to write and tell us stories, and correct ones, from many parts of the country. I often think of the West Virginia hills, and desire to see them once in my life. We have fine farming lands here. We raise produce of every kind. Cotton and corn are our principal crops. We have good schools and churches.

Well, I had better stop or you will get tired of my "messing," and I do not want to worry Elizabeth with my scribbling any more at this time. Goodbye.—Wild Bill of North Carolina.

You man with the fierce name, I cannot be worried very much about anything, and least of all by the "scribbling" that comes to this page. Call again and "rest your hat a spell."—Elizabeth.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "It's an easy job to fly off the handle, but did you ever take notice how hard it is to fly back? Best not fly off, an' then you don't have to eat humble pie to git back on your perch agin."

You will never get a "thank you," for taking part in another fellow's quarrels, or in one of your own. Be a peace-maker. Frequently it happens to be the hardest task to make peace with ourselves.

Bad news travels fast, the old saying goes. The moral of this is, to beat it with any good news you may have to carry.

Learn to use your brains; then you will not be so much used by people who have learned to use theirs.

If you "get mad" at anyone, go and tell them what it is all about. The chances are that you will either "make up" immediately, or find out that you are the goat.

Injured pride causes much needless suffering. The best way to cure your hurt pride is not to notice it.

It never hurts any one to have a little fun in his system and to let it out, once in a while.

If you continually dwell in the past you will know nothing but the past. The present is what you have to do with. Do with it the best you can. The present shapes the future for yourself and for many others.

The man of the house is mainly responsible for the happiness of his family. If he is a grouch, no happiness can be under the roof when "father" is around.

"Learn to live, live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn."

Ignorance of books is not the greatest ignorance. Ignorance of the ways of peace, of kindness, of justice, of Charity, of unselfishness and honesty, is the ignorance which works the most harm.

As previously mentioned, hitherto, here, before, about the meanest thing you can do is to say "I told you so," when someone has tried and failed to make good in an undertaking. That song of triumph is so encouraging, you know. Be a booster, not a knocker.

Don't make a nuisance of yourself by always sighing and complaining. None can make life a heaven for you, if you insist upon picturing it the other place.

Never let hope grow too old to work.

OUR COOK BOOK

By BLADE HOUSEKEEPERS.

HERE are some recipes for good things made out o' 'lasses, which you surely want to keep. They have been tried and true for many years, and to each is attached a little story. The first is a requested recipe and is for old-fashioned card gingerbread. This particular case of gingerbread is the way Mrs. Kirk made her gingerbread. Mrs. Kirk kept a cake shop in Steubenville, O., fifty or more years ago. It was a popular resort of the Steubenville seminary girls, who went there to buy her gingerbread. This is the way she made it:

Mrs. Kirk's Card Gingerbread.

One quart of molasses, one pint of water, one-half pound of buttter, three eggs, two ounces of soda, two tablespoonfuls of ginger, five cups of flour. Beat the eggs without separating. Cream the butter, then add all other ingredients. Beat quickly and bake immediately in shallow pans.

Soft Gingerbread.

This is a recipe used in one family for forty years:

One cup of butter, one of sugar, one and a half cups of molasses, three eggs, one cup of buttermilk or sour cream, five cups of flour, two teaspoons of soda, two tablespoons of ginger. Cream butter and sugar together. Beat eggs without separating. Put all the ingredients together, beat up quickly and bake. This makes three loaves in shallow pans.

Windsor Hotel Gingerbread.

The Windsor was at one time one of New York city's most fashionable hotels. It was burned several years ago. With the Windsor recipe came this explanation from the one who sent it: "A friend who boarded at the Windsor, more than thirty years ago, obtained from there this recipe for soft gingerbread. It has been used for years by members of my own family, and we find it excellent." To make it:

One ounce of salaratus or soda dissolved in a little water, one pint of molasses, one pint of water, one-half pint of sugar, one-half pound of butter, four eggs, two pounds of flour, one-half teaspoon cinnamon, one-half of ginger and one-half of ground cloves.

Cream butter and sugar together. Beat eggs without separating; then add the rest of the ingredients. Beat together quickly and bake in a suitable sized pan.

These you would better save for future reference. The one who sent them wishes her name signed, A Friend from Pennsylvania. I know her real name and it is a good one, but I am not permitted to tell it, so I shall not.—Elizabeth.

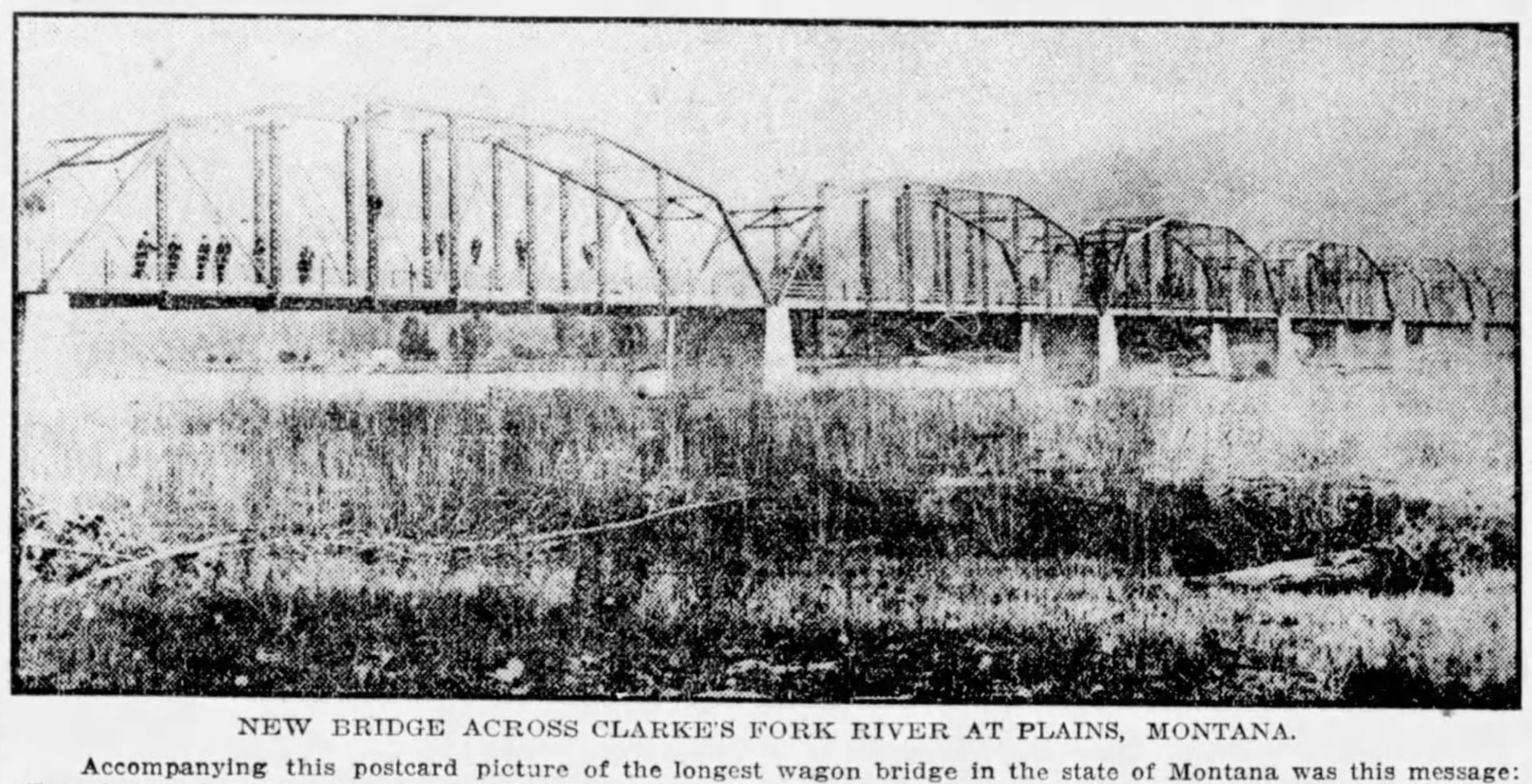
White Cookies.

One and a half cups of granulated sugar, one cup of shortening, one of sour milk, two eggs, one rounded teaspoon of soda, two heaping teaspoons baking powder, one teaspoon of flavoring. Flour, sufficient to roll out. Be careful not to make it too stiff. Sweet milk may be used instead of sour, by using three teaspoonfuls of baking powder and no soda.

Buttermilk Pie.

One cup of sugar, two cups buttermilk, two eggs beaten light, one tablespoon of butter, two cups of flour; flavor to taste. Beat well together and bake with one crust. This is sufficient for two pies.

These two recipes are contributed by Mrs. Alex. Ericksen, Tustin, Michigan.



NEW BRIDGE ACROSS CLARKE'S FORK RIVER AT PLAINS, MONTANA.

Accompanying this postcard picture of the longest wagon bridge in the state of Montana was this message: "I send you this postcard, representing this lovely new bridge here. It was loaded with people, July Fourth, and was, indeed, a pretty sight. Mrs. Joe Boyer dedicated the bridge, she being the oldest white woman living in these parts. The honor was rightly bestowed.—Jennie Vandersteede.'

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:
Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental moral and social improvement.

"THE MAIN SPOKE"

Peace Page Readers—As several months have elapsed since I made my appearance with the M. G. R's, I come again for a short talk. Happiness seems to be the main spoke in life. If we deprive ourself, or others of the happiness which nature gave us, our lives are sure to be a burden. Cheer up! Make others happy. Help someone. Give a cheerful smile to a lonely boy or girl; a word of praise to a sensitive, self doubting worker. Forget, if you can, how poor you are if you are poor; how unjustly treated, if you are thus treated; how lonesome and how wronged, if that is your condition. Forget it and do a little sowing of cheer and good nature in the soil where you are standing. Do this, and the first you know, happiness will steal up behind you and have her arms about your neck.

There is not a discontented woman or a disillusioned man ,or a lonely, wretched life, that does not stand on the edge of joy and contentment. They face a door and have no key. They perish of thirst by a gushing river. They long for love among hearts, aching to love them. Alas, they will probably not take this key offered to them, because it is simple plain common sense and not a new fangled religion, or some popular fad. Nevertheless, nature has certain laws. Mind them and she will reward you.

I do not refer to physical laws merely, although they are important. There are other laws, equally weighty and less understood. They are the laws of the life of the human soul or spirit. These are among them. All self-seeking leads to self contempt; pride invariably breeds misery; to think of oneself is to become morbid and grow ill. We should not brood over our troubles; it only increases instead of diminishing them. We were all created to do some useful work and to make others happy, so we must insert into the lock, the key of happiness, open the door, and spread joy among our fellowmen, then nature cannot help but reward us and make us happy.

Best wishes to Elizabeth and all.—Shorty, of Southern Ohio.

Best wishes to you, Shorty, you are all right. It is a failing with us humans, always to be reaching for something just beyond, believing that in the distance lies that which shall make us happy, this blinding us to the possibilities for happiness which lie close at hand. Maybe some day we shall know better. Anyway, here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

Dear M. G. R.'s—I have read and reread The Blade for several years, in fact, ever since I was old enough to read, and I look forward to its coming with the greatest of pleasure.

I am a girl, nearly but not quite 18 years of age. I like all outdoor sports and I am, all in all, quite an athlete.

I live in a very beautiful county and city, it being Jamestown, Chautauqua county, N. Y. We have two railroads, the Erie and the Jamestown & Chautauqua. Our industries are mainly mills for worsted goods, flouring mills, iron foundries, cotton mills, furniture, piano, bicycle and many other factories. The city obtains natural gas for fuel and illumination from wells 26 miles distant. We have electricity for power in the factories to run the street cars and for illuminating the city.

There are 10 district schools, two grammar schools, North and South Side; one high school, a business college and other educational buildings.

The town was first settled by James Prendergast in 1815, for whom the town was named and whose family built and endowed a fine free library and art gallery.

Jamestown is a popular summer resort. The Chautauqua Assembly grounds are a few miles distant, connected by the Chautauqua traction cars.

If I see this printed instead of being put in the waste basket, I may write again, describing to you the Chautauqua Assembly grounds, the lake, and so on.

I wish Walter D. Stearns, Madison, Ind., would come again and tell us more about farming and the country where he lives. As I am a farmer's girl and I know many others are, too. I am interested, and, even though I am not in the country now, I like to read about it. I will sign my real name—Marie A. Sperry.

Here's hoping, Elizabeth.

Here's your hope fulfilled, my dear.—Elizabeth.

The Nifties and the Indian

ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER X.

Enter "The Indian."

In the morning when they awakened, it was raining, and raining hard. The downpour continued for some hours, and the Nifties were a disconsolate lot, as they sat in the barn, looking out at the driving rain.

"I'd like to know where that Indian is keeping himself in this storm. I should think he would have sense enough to come in when it rains," grumbled Freckles.

"I thought you weren't going to chase after him any more," said Brooksie.

"Well, am I?" snapped Freckles.

The rain was having a bad effect on the Nifties' tempers, when the clouds began to break away and the day to grow brighter.

"What'll we do?" the Kid asked, after the rain had stopped and the sun was shining.

"We oughta raise the tent," observed Freckles.

"The ground is too wet," Brooksie objected.

"Let's wait until tomorrow," proposed Jack. This settled the question.

Fritz was aching for a run, but he did not want to go alone, as he made known by his actions. He trotted outside and came back again, repeatedly, to gaze into his master's face, and to coax him with a touch of his paw.

"Want a run, old fellow?" Freckles asked kindly.

Fritz whirled around like a top in his frantic efforts to show his delight at the suggestion.

"Want to tramp, Brooksie?" Freckles invited.

Brooksie did not whirl with joy like Fritz, but he answered promptly, "I'd just as soon."

When the question was put to Jack, he chose to go swimming, and the Kid chose to go and watch him. He had promised his mother he would not go into the water, and he intended to keep his promise, but he liked to be around when the other boys were in the river. So the Nifties separated for a while, promising to meet in time for supper.

Jack was a strong swimmer, and he wanted to test his powers of endurance by swimming across the river. After a long night's rest, and the enforced quiet of the rainy morning, he thought he was in good condition to make the trial, and this was why he was bent upon going swimming.

He confided his purpose to the Kid, who was somewhat reluctant to have him make the trial alone, but Jack was determined, so the Kid settled himself to play audience.

"You don't want to hurry up in the beginning," he warned, "take it slow and easy."

Jack followed his advice and made a safe crossing. When he reached the other side he stood up on the shore and waved to the Kid in assurance of his safety, and then sat down to rest before returning. The time seemed long to the Kid, waiting alone, and something made him feel that he was being watched. He glanced nervously over his shoulder every few minutes, but could see nothing to cause him alarm, still he had the impression that someone was near, though invisible.

Then he saw Jack wade out into the water on his return trip, and he gave his attention to him. Jack swam fast on the home stretch and was soon within calling distance. He shouted something the Kid could not understand. The next moment his head disappeared under water. The Kid sprang to his feet, fearful that something was wrong. He strained his eyes in hopes of seeing Jack's head reappear, but look where he would, the river, shimmering and dimpling under the sunshine, showed nothing on its surface.

"Help! help!" the Kid shouted, rushing frantically into the river to Jack's assistance. He was not a very good swimmer, and the exertion he made robbed him of breath to cry for aid. He was almost sobbing when another swimmer went splashing by him.

"Get back to shore," he heard a voice say, "I'll get him."

The Kid, feeling himself growing weak, obeyed the command. He saw the unknown swimmer strike out with long, strong strokes and plunge under the water near the spot where Jack had disappeared. Once, twice, three times he went down—would he never find Jack? The third time he came up, he brought Jack with him, and holding him with one arm turned to the shore. The Kid met him half way and together they brought Jack in, to be rolled and beaten and rubbed back to consciousness.

The accident was not so serious as it might have been. The rescuer had lost no time, and Jack had only gone down twice. After the energetic treatment he received, he came back to life as good as ever.

"Gee, cramps!" was the first thing he said.

He looked at the Kid and then at the other. He sat up suddenly and exclaimed, "The Indian!"

The Kid took notice then. He had not thought to even look at the one who had come to Jack's assistance, but now he saw a tall boy of about his own age, with black hair and eyes, and a swarthy complexion. His dripping clothes clung tight to his body and showed that he was painfully thin.

"Hello," he said, "who are you?"

"It's the Indian," interrupted Jack, before the other had time to answer. "You can bet on that."

"Are you the one who's been playing tag with us," the Kid demanded, sternly.

The strange boy's face reddened.

"That's what," he said, trying to appear indifferent.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

APPLE BUTTER

The past week's chapter of Our Cook Book contained a recipe for apple butter. Here is another way of making it, which seems to be all right:

Pare and cut in quarters enough good cooking apples to fill the pan or kettle in which the butter is to be cooked. I use a large enameled dish pan. The apples will cook down one-half or more. Add enough water to cook them well. If the apples do not all cook soft, as it may happen when different kinds of apples are used, it is best to press the sauce through a colander. I always cook the apples and press them through the colander, the day before I cook the butter.

When the sauce has cooked until it begins to get thick and of a red color, put in the sugar. I use all granulated sugar, or half granulated and half C sugar. Put in a pint at a time, cook a while, then add more sugar, until sweet enough to suit your taste.

When all the sugar has been put in, remove from the stove, and pour the mixture into a pan that may be put in the oven. While the butter is boiling, it must be stirred constantly to prevent burning. I put it in the oven to finish cooking, so I do not have to stir it all the time. Cook, until when tested by allowing a spoonful to cool in a saucer, the syrup that settles around the butter is thick.

Remove from the fire, add any spice liked, such as ground cinnamon, allspice or sassafras. A teaspoonful of vanilla extract put in the top of each quart can or jar before it is sealed, gives the butter a fine flavor.

If this is any help to any one I may come again and tell you how I make mixed pickles that are pronounced delicious by everyone who eats of them. Yours.—Mrs. Vallie McLain, Sheridan, Indiana.

Be sure to come with the mixed pickles. Much obliged for your plain directions for mixing and making. They are "just right."—Elizabeth.

POETS' CORNER

THE RIDE OF GREAT GRANDMOTHER LEE

A Story of Revolutionary Times.

By Eben E. Rexford.

This is the tale of Great Grandmother Lee,
Just as my grandmother told it to me;
A tale of the old Colonial time,
And a woman's bravery, set to rhyme.

Great Grandmother Lee was a maiden then,
But her hand was promised a lover when
The war for freedom was fought and won,
And the world applauded a grand deed done.
By those, whom in action and brave words spoke
The anger they felt 'neath a tyrant's yoke.
"We will be free of it," thus said they,
"Down with King George's galling sway!"

There was fighting near and fighting far;
The air seemed charged with the stress of war,
And never a day went by that brought
No rumor of battle somewhere fought,
And those at home almost held their breath,
As the day went by with their tales of death.

Backward and forward, on every side,
Swept the ever-changing battle tide;
Often it brought near home the men
Who had gone to the war, then turned again
And bore them farther and farther away,
And no tidings would come for many a day,
From those whose lot was to come and go,
As the winds of conflict might chance to blow.

One day a postman brought news that stirred
With eager hope all the hearts that heard;
"Lieutenant Lee had been sent," he said,
"With two-score men to Marblehead
In charge of some prisoners. It might be
They would come that way." At the name of Lee,
How the eyes of Great-Grandmother Ruth grew bright,
And the heart that was heavy with hope grew light!

But next day the news went about the town
That a band of Britishers, marching down
From Boston or Concord, had been seen
That town and the Marblehead hill between.
"They will lie in wait for Lieutenant Lee,
And, dreaming not of his dangers he
Will keep straight on till it is too late
To escape the foes that in ambush wait."

Great Grandmother Ruth heard the news they brought,
And up to her brain leaped a sudden thought—
Some one must go, and at once, to warn,
Lieutenant Lee, ere another morn
He might fall, perhaps, an easy prey
To the British men who in ambush lay
But who should go? All the men in town
Were old, or crippled, or broken down
With wounds or sickness, "not one," cried she,
"To carry the news to Lieutenant Lee!
I will go myself," and her blue eyes shone
With a courage born not of love alone,
But the spirit that nerved the arm and heart
Of those who in war bore a soldier's part,
"A woman can't fight very well," she said,
But there's many a thing she can do instead
That's as good as fighting, my British men,
I'll take a hand in your game." And then
She saddled her horse and as night came down,
They saw her galloping out of the town.
"She goes to warn her lover," they said,
"Of a danger that lurks in the way ahead."
Brave is the girl's heart and strong her steed,
And everyone cheered her and said, "God speed!"

Two-score miles to make ere the first cock crowed—
Great Grandmother Ruth planned her route as she rode.
Lieutenant Lee and his men will take
The old postroad by Hingham's Lake;
There I must meet them, and they can turn
To the north on the highway that runs by Kern;
And thus they can slip past the ambushed foe
Who hides on the new road, miles below
Ah, ha! my Britishers, watch and wait;
You'll find out the truth when it is too late!

The dusk closed round her; the stars grew bright,
And the moon made day of the brief June night.
"Five miles are behind us," she cried, as she passed
The ford in the valley, and still more fast
She urged her steed down the road that runs,
Through Sudberry town and the smaller ones
That lie to the south. Often those in bed
Were roused by the sound of a horse's tread
And said to each other, "some one rides fast."
And e'en as they said it, the place was passed
By the midnight rider. "The stars say, one,"
She cries to her horse, "and our ride's half done."
Two——"We do well." Three—the miles are few.
"Doll, do you know what depends on you?"
Four—and upon her keen eyes break
The sight she has longed for of Hingham's Lake.
"Our ride is ended," and she draws rein
In the shade of the pine trees on Hingham's plain,
To wait for the coming of those who are nigh,
With a smile on her lip and a laughing eye.

"Hark! they are coming. Good steed of mine,
We will bid them stand and give countersign,"
She says, as the tramp of men's feet sounds near.
"He, my lover, is almost here."
And her face grows bright like a damask rose
When all of a sudden its leaves unclose
At a warm wind's kiss and break all apart,
To reveal the glow at the blossom's heart.

"Halt!" The soldiers, startled, heard
A woman's voice speak the well-known word.
Then out of the shadow of the pines rode she,
"Ruth, my Ruth!" cried Lieutenant Lee.
"Is this your ghost, or are you a dream?"
Then his arms were around her, and it would seem
That the touch of her lips was proof enough
That the vision was hardly of ghostly stuff.

"There's no time for love-making now" laughed she
"There's something more urgent Lieutenant Lee"
Then she told them what she had come to tell,
"Ruth, my heroine, you've done well,"
Cried Lieutenant Lee and his face was bright.
"Such help as this nerves our hearts for fight,
Men, what say you? This girl should be
Made Colonel, at least, for her bravery.
Cheers for brave Colonel Ruth, my men!"
And the morning rang and rang again
With hearty cheers for the girl whose deed
Had brought them warning in time of need.

There is little need for me to make
The story longer at Hingham's lake.
They turned to the north, by that detour,
The British were left in the lurch, quite sure
Am I, that no happier girl than she,
Who rode by the side of Lieutenant Lee
Could be found in all the land that day;
Ere night in Marblehead safe were they.
The story of Ruth and her long night ride
Spread through the valley and countryside
And they came in crowds, 'tis said to pay,
Respect to her and "well done," to say.
"I don't care so much for their praise," said she,
As she smiled in the face of Lieutenant Lee,
"As I do to know that I helped you play,
A trick on the British and won the day."

MOTHER O' MINE

By Rudyard Kipling.

If I were hanged on the highest hill,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose love would follow me still,
Mother o' mine.

If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' mine.

If I were damned of body and soul,
Mother o' mine,
I know whose prayers would make me whole,
Mother o' mine.

POEMS REQUESTED

This is a clue to a poem wanted: I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie, dear. Another is: I am thinking of Erin tonight, in the little white cot by the sea.

The poem entitled The Three Misfortunes is asked for. The first line: A pious Rabbi and his patient ass.

The poem, or song, Gilderoy, is asked for.

The Marble Lily is the title of a poem asked for.

Our Correspondents

At the present time of writing, August 19, the weather is quite salubrious in Toledo. Which means, that it is calm, cool and comforting for all parties concerned.

One of our lady friends is very anxious to know how to sulphurize apples. We shall be much obliged to anyone who will send the recipe.

Estalene from Indiana—I thank you for your good opinion. I try to keep my head level, but sometimes I think it gets on the slant, at least, so I am told by Mary Cassidy.

Miss A. A. Bolitho, of Hadeway Farm, New Albany, Pennsylvania, would like to know if anyone can give her information of her brother, Henry J. Bolitho. He has been absent for ten years.

Recipes are wanted for making sweet pickles, or spiced pickles, out of pears, peaches, plums or any kind of fruit. Some of you girls surely know the answer to this.

Do any of you people ever happen to think it is a misfit to ask me to print war poems on the Peace Page? This page is designed from first to last to make you feel happy and peaceful. Tragedy, unhappiness, the stirring up of old animosities, have no place here.

Genia Mudge Brown, Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, R. D. 11, wants to know if onyone can tell her where her uncle, Mr. Jacob Zimmer, is. When last heard from he was in Joplin, Missouri.

If people would not go and lose themselves, there would be less sorrow and anxiety in the world.

Please remember to write Peace Page on the corner of all letters intended for the Peace Page.

This is all I think of to write for today. When you cannot think of anything more to write or to say, then it is time to stop writing and saying. A still tongue tells no lies.—Elizabeth.

THAT AWFUL BACKACHE

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Morton's Gap, Kentucky.—"I suffered two years with female disorders, my health was very bad and I had a continual backache which was simply awful. I could not stand on my feet long enough to cook a meal's victuals without my back nearly killing me, and I would have such dragging sensations I could hardly bear it. I had soreness in each side, could not stand tight clothing, and was irregular. I was completely run down. On advice I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and am enjoying good health. It is now more than two years and I have not had an ache or pain since I do all my own work, washing and everything, and never have the backache any more. I think your medicine is grand and I praise it to all my neighbors. If you think my testimony will help others you may publish it."—Mrs. OLLIE WOODALL, Morton's Gap, Kentucky.

Backache is a symptom of organic weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for special advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

FREE TO YOU--MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Women's Ailments

I am a woman. I know woman's sufferings. I have found a cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, **my home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. **Men can not** understand women's sufferings. What **we** women know **from experience**, we know better than any doctor. **I know that my home treatment** is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhea or Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles caused by weakness peculiar to our sex.**

I want to send you **a complete ten days' treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly, and surely. Remember that it **will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts a week, or less than 2 cts a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address**, tell me how you suffer, if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—**"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself**. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young**. To **Mothers of Daughters**, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send your address**, and the free ten days' treatment is yours; also the **book**. This is no C. O. D. scheme. All letters are kept confidential and are never sold to other persons. Write today, you may not see this offer again. Address **MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 8. Notre Dame, Ind., U. S. A.**

LADIES
WHY SUFFER?

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after I had been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a **50 cent package** of this wonderful remedy **FREE.** Send at once to

MRS. C. C. FRETTER, Box 306,
DETROIT, MICH.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Goitre, Swollen Glands, Cysts, Varicose Veins, Varicosities anywhere. It allays pain and takes out inflammation promptly. **A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic.** Pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into skin. Powerfully penetrating but does not blister under bandage nor cause any unpleasantness. Few drops only required at each application. **ABSORBINE, JR., $1.00 and $2.00 a** bottle at druggists or delivered. **Book 2 G free.**
W.F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

GET MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable people from all sections, rich, poor, old, young, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed Free. "The Correspondent," Toledo, Ohio.

MARRY Catalogue, with hundreds of photos and descriptions FREE. Pay if suited. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46, TEKONSHA, MICHIGAN

MARRY BEST PLAN ON EARTH, sent FREE PHOTOS OF EVERY LADY MEMBER. THE PILOT, Dept. 39, Marshall, Mich.

Marry RICH Big List of Descriptions and Photos Free (sealed) Standard Cor. Club, Grayslake, Ill.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON FIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

FORTUNE TOLD Past, present, future. Send 10c, birthdate. Money refunded if not pleased. MME. EVALINE, Kewanee, Ill.

FORTUNE TOLD—Past and future, love, marriage, business and all matters of life carefully treated. Send birthdate and 6c in stamps. A. Millet, Box 74, Manchester, N. H.

ROMEO JULIET MARRIED

E. H. Sothern and Miss Julia Marlowe Are Married in London.

New York, August 19.—The Romeo that E. H. Sothern played to Julia Marlowe's Juliet was not altogether a pretense of the stage, for Friday afternoon Manager Lee Shubert received a cablegram announcing that the co-stars were no longer two, but one. The marriage was solemnized in Europe Thursday.

The theatrical world is surprised but not astounded by the announcement of this marriage. Indeed, it was stated that it was to have occurred immediately following the divorce obtained by Virginia Harned, Mr. Sothern's first wife, in Reno more than a year ago. It was even alleged that the divorce was not disagreeable to either side and Judge Pike, who heard the testimony, received an anonymous communication setting out precisely what was to follow. The writer said: "I have it from reliable sources that as soon as Sothern and Virginia Harned are free from the bonds of matrimony, an announcement will be forthcoming that Sothern will take Miss Marlowe to church.

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern went to Europe last month shortly after the hot weather brought their Shakespearean engagement to a close at the Broadway theatre, July 4. July 3 they appeared in Macbeth, and were to have continued in a Shakespearean repertory for two weeks, but on the Fourth a placard in the lobby of the theatre announced the sudden closing of the engagement. The reason given was that Miss Marlowe had been made ill by the excessive heat.

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothern have been playing together since 1904, when they became co-stars under Charles Frohman. In 1907 Sothern and Marlowe put themselves under the Shubert management and appeared in The Sunken Bell, Jeanne d'Arc, and John the Baptist, in addition to a series of Shakespearean plays.

Left $2,000 to a Horse.

An Irishman, James Gilwee, died in 1907 in Carondelet, a subdivision of St. Louis. By his will he left $2,000 in trust, the revenue from which was to be used in the support and comfort of a favorite horse, "Tony." The children carefuly respected the wishes of their father, and the horse was shipped to Bloomington, Ill., where corn is plentiful and meadow grass is blue, and the horse received every attention until his death, which occurred recently. The $2,000 was thereupon divided between the heirs.

Hookworm in South Carolina.

Anderson Intelligencer.

We don't remember ever having seen so many turtles on the streets for sale. Hardly a day passes but what several are offered for sale. They are mighty fine meat, and but for the trouble of getting the meat from the shell we'd like to eat turtle every day in the week.

BRACELET AND RING FREE

This beautiful Bracelet, equal in appearance to solid gold, set with genuine muscatine pearl as shown, also dainty Ring for selling 20 packs high grade art post cards at 10c a pack. Order cards today, when sold send us $2.00 and we will send you Bracelet and Ring by return mail. WELLS MFG. CO., DEPT. K 51 CHICAGO.

Perfect Salve for Sores

Allen's Ulcerine Salve relieves at once, and finally abolishes Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores and all sores of a painful and persistent nature. We have thousands of enthusiastic letters from grateful users. You'll write us one, too, when you've tried it. Try it now. By mail 50c. (2)
J. P. ALLEN, Dept. 173, ST. PAUL, MINN.

THE ASTOR ROMANCE

Friend of Bride-Elect Tells How Millionaire Lost His Heart.

New York, August 17.—The inside story of the romance of Colonel John Jacob Astor and Miss Madeline Force is told by an intimate friend of the bride-to-be.

Miss Force, according to this friend, will receive a settlement much larger than the $2,000,000 Astor was reported to have agreed to settle upon her. Arrangements for this settlement are being made now.

Miss Katherine Force, sister of Miss Madeline has no intention of marrying Vincent Astor as has been reported. Instead, the friend of the sisters said, she is deeply smitten with a young Wall street broker and the announcement of their engagement may be made in the near future.

$30,000 Engagement Ring.

During the single year of their acquaintance, Colonel Astor has showered on Miss Madeleine gifts of diamonds and other jewels valued at $200,000. The engagement ring alone cost $30,000. The friend of the girls had just left the Force home, where Miss Madeleine is suffering from a nervous breakdown when she was interviewed. Miss Katherine accompanied her to the door when she left.

"It is true that Madeleine Force is very ill," she said. "All this talk about her forthcoming marriage has unnerved the poor girl, but I do not think her condition is serious."

"When did Miss Madeleine and Colonel Astor first meet?" she was asked.

"Just about a year ago this August," was her reply. "It was during the tennis tournament at Bar Harbor, Me. Miss Force had won the championship the year before and she repeated her victory last year. Colonel Astor, who was visiting friends at Bar Harbor, was an enthusiastic spectator.

He was much impressed with her playing and requested an introduction. I believe it was Ethel Barrymore who introduced them.

Dance Begins Romance.

"A short time later the Force family gave a party at which Colonel Astor was a guest. Then the colonel gave a dance on his yacht, the Noma, in honor of Miss Force. That was the beginning of the romance. Miss Force appeared to be deeply in love with the colonel and he with her. Any talk about this being anything but a love match is ridiculous.

"Last year when the colonel went to Europe, he sent presents to Miss Force every day. Among his gifts was a gold bracelet studded with precious stones, which is said to have been worn by Marie Antoinette. He also gave her a pair of cuff buttons, each one with four pearls the size of peas.

"Then there was a beautiful sapphire ring, a diamond tiara, a diamond necklace, a bar pin and a gold knot of diamonds and an enameled watch studded with diamonds as well as many other smaller gifts. I should estimate that his presents to her cost at least $200,000."

The stone in the engagement ring weighs almost fourteen carats. It is square cut, about three-quarters of an inch long and almost as broad, and is set in platinum.

RATTLESNAKE CHOKES A BOY

Sleeping Lad Nearly Strangled by Serpent Which Uses Boa Tactics

New Haven, Conn., August 18.—While George Nash, a 15-year-old boy was asleep in the woods here yesterday he was attacked by a big rattlesnake, which, contrary to the practice of such reptiles, wound itself about his neck. Nash was unconscious from strangulation when the snake was killed.

DIDN'T NUDGE KING IN RIBS

John Hays Hammond Says "Royal Punch" Story Is Absurd.

Boston, August 18.—"I did not nudge the king of England in the ribs," said John Hays Hammond, who is just back from England. "Gentlemen do not nudge kings in the ribs at state banquets any more than kings nudge gentlemen," said Taft's representative at the coronation.

GIRL PICKPOCKET AT 9 YEARS

All Except 45 Cents a Day Taken by Her Employer, a Child Says.

New York, August 18.—Taught to pickpockets for a daily wage of 45 cents, turning over all her stealings to her employer, is the story of the youngest pickpocket ever arrested in the city. She was Concetta Inglese, 9 years old, fair-haired and pretty. She was arrested after detectives had watched her rob 13 persons.

Preached From Church Tower.

London Standard.

A remarkable service was held in the Nottinghamshire village of Selston on Sunday, when the inhabitants were celebrating their annual feast.

The vicar (the Rev. C. Harrison), conducted an open air service and preached from the church tower, while the choir led the singing from the roof of the south angle, gaining access to this lofty position by climbing a ladder placed over the church porch. The congregation, numbering several hundreds, seated themselves on the grass or tombstones of the churchyard.

WHEN POULTRY PAYS THE FARMER

Lack of Proper Knowledge Stands in Road of Profitable Chicken Culture.

There are more advantages for successful poultry culture on the average farm than there are in the yards of the average regular breeder, and yet the latter makes a successful business, while the farmer is about the first to decry the profits. Why it is so can, no doubt, be traced to the fact that the farmer, from lack of knowledge on the subject, does not take advantage of the excellent opportunities the farm affords.

Were it not for the faithful work of the busy housewife, poultry on many farms would not make the showing that it does today.

Chickens, turkeys, geese, ducks, guinea fowls and pigeons all come under the one head practically, and all, or part of these, can be made to turn in many extra dollars if rightly managed. If the same care is given poultry that is given the other stock on the farm there will be more and greater profits for the amount of investment.

The mrkets are ever open for eggs, roasting and broiling fowls, and it is well that the matter improvement along that line be looked into.

How the Work Is Planned.

Assuming the fact that the farmer has not the time to "bother with incubators," he can find time to set hens early in spring, and if he will make it a rule to set every broody hen, even during the summer, he will find that he is continually growing a crop of chickens that is bound to find a sale. During mild and hot weather the broody hens can be set in barrels (laid on their sides) out in the orchard or some cool spot. After the hatch comes off the barrel nest can be cleaned out and utilized for a brood coop. The chicks allowed to range in the orchard will pick up insects, bits of grass, etc., which will go a great way toward helping their growth, and besides the youngsters, being more or less in the shade, they will make rapid growth during the hot weather. September-hatched chickens will be in readiness for early winter markets as young frying stock, and at a good profit.

The farmer must provide good warm buildings for winter, with scratching sheds attached, so the fowls may have dry, protected places to scratch in hunting for food. If this scratching shed—which should be attached to the regular hen house—be kept littered with straw, hay or leaves, and the grain fed scattered among this litter, the fowls will spend their time in there and not be exposed to inclement weather. Fowls must be kept comfortable to secure good results.

The Mongrel Hen Must Go.

The mongrel hen of the farm must go. There is no profit in a hen that has a mixture of good and bad bad broods in her veins. The farmer's hen should be pure-bred, and the breed selected should be in accordance with what object he has in keeping poultry—eggs, broilers or roasters. It costs a little more to start with pure-breds than it does with dunghill poultry, but the results are better with the former, and the cost of feed and care is no more. It is profitalbe for the farmer to keep only one variety, and never should different breeds be allowed to mix, for that is the downward course, and that is the origin of the common barnyard fowl.

The farmer must study the question of feeds. Corn is not an egg-producing food, and yet corn is the main diet on the average farm. Wheat and oats are nitrogenous foods and make eggs and feathers; corn is carbonaceous and creates fat and fuel for the body. Neither corn, wheat nor oats should be fed exclusively. They must be balanced, and the writer knows of no better mixture of grains than equal parts, by measurement, of corn, wheat and oats (and barley when it can be had). If these mixed grains are fed the fowls at night (increasing the corn supply during very cold weather, and decreasing in hot weather) egg-producing, fat-producing, and heat-producing feeds are given without going to the extremes.

The Feed Question.

Of course, it goes without saying, there must be an additional supply of vegetable and animal food. On the farm this is no serious matter—grass, clover, alfalfa, rye, roots, cabbages, etc., are more or less plentiful and can be readily given, and if the fowls are on range they will secure insects and bugs in summer to supply the animal food needed. During winter it is best to purchase the commercial meat scraps and feed to the fowls in a ground grain mash.

In other words, a morning mash should be given composed of 20 per cent. bran. and 10 per cent each of cornmeal, middlings and meat scraps, with 5 per cent. of linseed meat. This thoroughly mixed, and slightly moistened with milk or hot water, will furnish an early morning breakfast that will produce good results.

The price of feed is not such a serious drawback to the farmer in feeding his hens as it is to the regular poultryman who has to buy it. His lands will produce nearly all the feeds. In short, the farmer can cut down of the expense of keeping poultry to one-half of what it costs the poultryman, and he has the facilities to produce on a larger and better scale and make a better profit.

HUNTS THE WORLD FOR BRIDE

Man Sails in Search of Girl Meeting His Ideals.

New York, August 18.—Alfred R. Risse, formerly a stock broker, sailed yesterday on the liner La Lorraine to scour Europe for a wife. From the blue waters of the Mediterranean to ultima Thule his quest will take him and if he doesn't find exactly what he wants he will return wifeless.

Her hair must be black as a crow's wing, for, says Mr. Risse, in these days of peroxide and other drugshop conveniences one almost has to apply the acid test before he can be sure of getting a real blonde.

One hundred and forty pounds is the right weight and 5 feet 7½ inches the correct height. She must not vary even a quarter inch.

DISTRESSING CASE OF HIVES

"I retired one evening and after sleeping a couple of hours was awakened by a burning sensation all over the upper part of my body. It was just simply terrible and made it impossible for me to sleep the rest of that night, so I had to sit up all night, changing my position every couple of minutes. As the hours went by it grew worse and soon I started to scratch myself. When daylight arrived I saw that my body was covered with large red marks. My face was also affected. I went to see a doctor. He told me that I had the hives. He prescribed a medicine and also gave me some ointment.

"As the days went by I steadily grew worse, the marks changing from one part of my body to another. One evening by chance looking over the papers I saw the Cuticura Remedies advertised. I immediately procured some Cuticura Ointment and applied it to my body. It seemed to ease my skin right away. I kept on using the Cuticura Ointment for a week and can say that it certainly was the finest preparation I had ever used. It completely cured me, and I have not been troubled since." (Signed) William Waterman, 129 E. 109th St., New York City, Dec. 8, 1910.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Send to "Cuticura," Dept. KK, Boston, for a sample of each, post-free, with 32-p. book on skin treatment.

GAVE UP A KING'S DECORATION

United States Minister to Uruguay Was Honored.

Chicago, August 17. — Nicolay A. Grevstad, the Chicago editor recently appointed United States minister to Uruguay and Paraguay, has returned a decoration bestowed upon him several years ago by King Haakon, of Norway, the decoration in the Norwegian knighthood of St. Olaf, granted to Mr. Grevstad in recognition of his services as a newspaper man.

"I feel that it is no more than right that I return the decoration, now that I am about to enter the American diplomatic service," said Mr. Grevstad. The constitution prohibits the acceptance by federal officials of decorations from foreign govermments.

"While I received the order several years ago, I feel that I ought to ask the consent of congress to retain it, and that I do not wish to do."

HAD NO ROOM FOR MOTHER

Children Protest Her Coming and She Is Deported.

Philadelphia, August 19.—Among passengers who sailed here today for Liverpool was a mother-in-law who had been literally turned out by her son-in-law and daughter and was being deported by the national government, because she was likely to become a public charge. The mother-in-law is an English woman and her son-in-law is a resident of this city. When the woman arrived here last Monday on the Merion, to make her home with her daughter, the son-in-law protested to the imigration authorities against her being landed.

In his formal protest he declared the mother-in-law, who had visited him before, to be a perpetual trouble-maker, objectionable in many ways and that it was impossible for him to live under the same roof with her.

His wife joined him in the formal objection to her mother.

WILL SELL FINGER FOR $20,000

Shipping Clerk Will Accommodate Philadelphia Society Woman.

Washington, August 21.—If Mrs. Reginald Waldorf, the Philadelphia society woman who is reporting to be seeking a right index finger, wishes a good, substantial one, William E. Moreland, of Grant road,, Tennallytown, Md., a suburb of Washington, is willing to accommodate her. Incidentally, Mr. Moreland hopes to become the possessor of $20,000. That is the price he puts upon the digit of his right hand.

Moreland is employed as the shipping clerk in a local department store and has an exceedingly well-developed hand. He is 21 years old, more than six feet tall and weighs more than 160 pounds. He wears a No. 9 glove.

"Sure, I'll give her my finger if she will pay for it," he said. "I have been practicing writing with the second finger and it goes fine. If she wants a finger, she might just as well have a good one, and I believe this one is strong enough for any woman," and he gazed lovingly at the digit he is willing to sell for $20,000 cash.

SHE WILL SELL HER FINGER

Dr. Mary Walker Offers It for Price of Consumptives' Home.

Philadelphia, August 18.—Mrs. Reginald Waldorf, of this city and Los Angeles, who some time ago advertised for a "living right index finger," san buy the desired digit from Dr. Mary Walker, the first advocate in America of trousers for women.

Dr. Walker, without using her index finger, wrote a letter, which Mrs. Waldorf received today, just to show that she could get along without that finger, even if Mrs. Waldorf couldn't. She stated that she was desirious of accumulating enough funds to erect a hospital for consumptives.

THORN OF ROSE KILLS A GIRL

Bride-to-Be Contracts Blood Poisoning From Tiny Wound.

New York, August 21.—A thorn of her favorite rose, puncturing her finger while she stretched forth her hand to pluck it from a friend's bouquet, last Monday, caused the death Friday of Miss Susan Reichart, at Grenport, L. I.

Miss Reichart had an old-fashioned garden, of which she was very fond, and raising roses was one of her hobbies. When she pricked her finger she put it in her mouth and sucked it for a time, then resumed gathering the bouquet. The finger and then the hand and arm swelled until death ended her suffering. She was to have been married next month.

FALSE HAIR SAVED HER LIFE

Girl's Switch Came Off When Caught in an Engine Driver.

Higginsville, Mo., August 18.—False hair saved the life of Miss Flora Brand, of this town today, when a Missouri Pacific engine struck the motor car in which she was riding.

Miss Flora Brand's false hair became entangled in the engine's driver and was pulled from her head.

"If the driver had caught my own hair, I know my head would have been pulled under the wheels," she said.

HAIL RUINS FORTUNE IN GRAIN

Million Bushels Destroyed in Alberta, Canada.

Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada, August 18.—A hail storm which traveled through southern Alberta late yesterday destroyed probably a million bushels of grain

FROM FARMS TO TOWNS IS TREND

Census Shows Urban Population Gains Thrice as Fast as Rural.

American people continue to move to town. During the 10 years from 1900 to 1910 the increase of urban population was fully three times the increase of the rural population, as shown by the statistics issued by the census bureau.

Nearly half of the 91,972,206 inhabitants of the continental United States live in cities and towns of more than 2,500 population. The exact percentage is 46.3. Ten years ago the percentage of urban population was 40.5. Twenty years ago it was 36.1.

Ohio is one of the 14 states in which the city dwellers represent more than half of their total population. In Ohio this percentage is 55.9, as compared with 48.1 in 1900, and 41 per cent in 1890.

Fewer on Farms.

In Indiana 42.4 per cent of the people are urbanites, and in Michigan 47.2. Ten years ago the percentages were 34.3 in Indiana and 39.3 in Michigan.

There are fewer persons living on farms in Ohio and Indiana now than there were 10 years ago. The decerase of rural population in Ohio since 1900 was 1.3 per cent and in Indiana 5.5 per cent. In the same states the urban population gained, respectively, 31.5 and 30.5 in the same decade. Michigan gained 2 per cent in its rural population and 37.8 in its urban population from 1900 to 1910.

Washington Gains More.

Other states which show an actual decrease of rural population are New Hampshire, 5.4 per cent.; Vermont, 4.2; Illinois, 0.5; Iowa, 7.2; Missouri, 3.5.

Washington with 84.7 per cent., had the greatest gain in rural population, and in the same decade the urban population of the state increased 166 per cent.

In the New England division more than four-fifths of the population in 1910 lived in urban territory, as defined by the census bureau. Vermont is the only state in this division in which the population classified as urban is less than half the total population of the state, while in Rhode Island and Massachusetts more than nine-tenths, and in Connecticut very nearly nine-tenths, of the total population in 1910 is classified as urban.

New York's Population.

In the middle Atlantic division the urban population constituted more than seven-tenths of the total population, but the proportion for the state of New York alone was very nearly four-fifths and that for New Jersey fully three-fourths.

In the east, north central and the Pacific divisions the urban territory in each case contained more than half the total population in 1910.

The total population of continental United States, according to the census of 1910, is 91,972,266, but of this population, under the definitions of the census bureau, 42,623,383 lived in urban territory, and 49,348,883 lived in rural territory.

Big Towns Get Them.

Not only is the movement toward the cities, but it is toward the big cities. Nine out of every 100 persons in the United States live in New York, Chicago or Philadelphia, the three cities of more than 1,000,000 population. Their share of total population has almost doubled in 20 years, although this percentage increased but seven-tenths of one per cent. in the last decade. It was 6.2 in 1910, 8.5 in 1900 and 5.18 in 1890.

The proportion of residents in the 31 cities of between 100,000 and 250,000 population which includes Toledo, increased one per cent. in each of the last two decades. They include now 5.3 per cent. of all the people of the United States.

Small Towns Gain Slowly.

The greatest percentage of increase of urban population was shown by the five cities between 500,000 and 1,000,000. They grew from 2.2 per cent. of the total population in 1900 to 3.3 per cent. in 1910.

The small towns kept pace with the growth of the country more slowly. The proportion of the total population of the United States, living in 1,173 towns between 2,500 and 5,000, increased from 4.4 in 1900 to but 4.5 in 1910, exactly the same increase maintained in the preceding decade.

The 629 towns of between 5,000 and 10,000 showed the same regularity of gain. Their percentage of the total population in 1910 was 4.7 per cent., in 1900 4.3, and in 1890 4 per cent.

Three-tenths of Gain.

The increase since 1900 in the population living in urban territory of 11,035,841, or 34.9 per cent. The total population living in rural territory in 1910—that is, in the remainder of continental Unitedfi States outside of urban communities—was 49,348,883, as compared with a total population living in the same territory in 1900 of 44,407,033, an increase in rural population during the same period of 4,941,850, or 11.1 per cent.

Of the total increase in the population of continental United States during the past decade (15,977,691), it appears that seven-tenths (11,035,841) was in urban territory and that only three-tenths (4,941,850) was in rural territory.

DECLINE'S CAUSES COMPLEX

Clews Blames Politics, Liquidation and Labor Conditions.

Special to The Blade.

New York, August 21.—The leading stocks have fallen 10 to 20 points during the present movement and have now reached what under ordinary conditions would be regarded as a very satisfactory dividend basis, says Henry Clew. Not a few of our best railroad and industrial shares are selling at figures which make them exceedingly desirable, even if dividends were to undergo some reduction, which is entirely improbable.

The reason chiefly advanced for this decline was the liquidation of important speculative accounts. To a certain extent this may be true, but the causes are many, complex and deeply intermixed with the social, political and industrial fabric of the nation. Confidence in business circles had been much impaired by the increasing display of unrest in social and political circles. Frequent and irrational attacks upon capital exercised a deterrent effect upon all business enterprises and resulted in a general slackness of trade. Numerous political attacks upon corporations, inspired by congress, and a fruitless tariff agitation also seriously discouraged industrial activity. Added to these drawbacks is the opening of the presidential campaign fully a year in advance of the usual time

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., August 22.—Failure of predicted frost to materialize in Canada tended to depress wheat prices early. Cables were higher, mainly on the strength of the improved strike situation and uncertainty of Canadian weather. A few private advices indicate scattered light frosts in Canada and parts of the American northwest. At a slight early decline there was a fairly good demand. Toledo cash opened ⅛c lower at 92c, September ⅛c higher at 93¼c, December unchanged at 96½c and May ½c down at $1.01½. The market at 10c showed further losses, except in September, which gained slightly early in the session.

Demand did not appear strong enough to help the market. Cash 91½c, September 92¼c, December 95¾c, May $1.01¼.

Improved weather put corn down about ¼c on the call. A Toledo miller who made an automobile trip to Indianapolis and return said he saw more poor corn fields than good. Toledo September started at 66c, December at 62¼c and May at 63⅜c.

Closing corn values. Cash 66¼c, September 65¾c, December 61⅞c, May 65c.

Oats values receded with those of other grains, September opening ⅛c off at 43⅜c, December ⅛c higher at 46c and May ⅜c down at 48½c.

Cash oats closed at 42c, September at 43⅛c, December at 45¾c, May at 48½c.

Covering by shorts was the main cause for advances in clover seed. At 10 a. m. the market was 10c higher at the following prices: Cash $12.20, October $12.10, December and March $12.00.

Clover seed closed at about midday prices after a slump late in the session. Cash closed at $12.20, December at $12.12½, December and March at $12.00.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. Aug. 22.	Close. Aug. 21.
Wheat—					
Cash	92		91¼	91½	92¼
Sept.	93¼	93⅜		92¼	93⅛
Dec.	96½			95⅝	96½
May	1.01½	1.01⅝		1.01¼	1.02
Corn—					
Cash				66¼	66½
Sept.	66	66⅛		65¾	66¼
Dec.	62¼			61⅞	62½
May	65⅝			65	65⅝
Oats—					
Cash				42	42
Sept.	43⅜		43	43¼	43½
Dec.	46⅛		45⅝	45¾	46
May	48½	48⅝		48½	48⅞
Clover Seed—					
Cash	12.15		12.00	12.00	12.10
Oct.	12.05			12.20	12.00
Dec.	12.00		11.90	12.00	11.90
Mar.	12.00		11.90	12.00	11.90
No. 2				11.80	11.50
No. 3				11.60	11.50
Rejected				11.60	11.50
N. E. G.				10.85	10.50@8
Rye—					
No. 2				87	87
No. 3				88	88
Timothy—					
Prime				7.30	7.05
Aug.				7.30	7.05
Sept.				7.10	6.80
March				7.30	6.90
Alsike—					
Prime				10.50	10.45
Aug.				10.50	10.42
Dec.				10.60	10.55
March				10.70	10.65
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	90⅝	90¾	90⅛	90¼	91
Dec.	95⅝		94½	94⅝	95⅝
May	1.01¼		1.00½	1.00⅝	1.01⅝
Corn—					
Sept.	64⅝		63¾	63¼	64¼
Dec.	61⅝			61¼	61¾
May	64½			63⅞	64⅜
Oats—					
Sept.	42½	42⅝	42	42⅛	42½
Dec.	45			44½	44⅞
May	48			47⅝	41¾
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	97½			96⅝	97⅜
Dec.				1.00¾	
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept.	88⅜		87¾	87⅞	88½
Dec.	93½			92¾	92⅝
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
Sept.				1.02⅛	1.04⅛
Dec.				1.03½	1.05
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
Sept.				1.04⅜	1.05⅜
Dec.				1.04	1.05½
WINNIPEG.					
Wheat—					
Sept.				98	99¼
Dec.				97	98¼
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
Sept.	16.90		16.20	15.50	17.25
Jan.	16.52	16.65	16.35	16.37	16.60
Lard—					
Sept.	9.27			9.17	9.27
Oct.	9.30			9.22	9.30
Jan.	8.97			8.90	8.95
Ribs—					
Sept.	9.10			9.05	9.15
Oct.	9.07			9.02	9.10
Jan.	8.45			8.37	8.47

Money and Stocks.

New York, August 22.—(Wall Street.)—Prices broke sharply at the opening of the stock market, Union Pacific, the feature, falling 1½ points and Southern Pacific, Reading, Amalgamated Copper, Lehigh Valley, Canadian Pacific and Atchison all declining a point or more with weakness elsewhere in the list.

The market made appreciable recovery from opening prices, but not before a number of stocks had fallen under yesterday's low. These included Union Pacific, Southern Pacific, Canadian Pacific, Northern Pacific, Great Northern preferred, Atchison, Lehigh Valley, St. Paul, Consolidated Gas and International Harvester. By 11 o'clock a majority of the losses were fully recovered, but the undertone continued heavy.

The market's early weakness was generally ascribed to authoritative reports of another serious hitch in the Moroccan negotiations. This found reflection in the Paris market, as well as London, where Americans were heavy. In the second hour Union Pacific recovered three points from the opening decline with material gains in Reading, St. Paul, Lehigh Valley and other active issues. Large transactions in steel were among the few conspicuous features. The rally was only fairly well sustained, however, but trading became very dull. Bonds were steady.

The market was practically featureless during midday, except for the further heaviness of Union Pacific, and a sharp decline of 1½ in Baltimore & Ohio, despite the latter's fairly good showing for July. Business fell to the most meagre proportions, and the list was apparently left to its own devices.

New York Stocks.

New York, August 22, 1911.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	123	123	122	122
Am. Loco. com	36⅜	36⅝	36¼	36¼
Atchison	104⅛	106	104½	105½
Am. Car & F. Co.	50¼	50½	50⅛	50½
Amal Copper	60¼	61⅝	59⅞	61
Am. Smelters	70⅝	71½	70⅝	71
Am. Steel Fdy	35	35	35	35
Am. Tel. & Tel	133¾	133⅞	133¾	133¾
Am. Tobacco pfd	90⅞	91	90⅛	90⅛
Am. Cotton Oil	53⅞	54¼	53⅛	53⅞
Am. Beet Sugar	51¼	52¼	51¼	51¾
Balt. & Ohio	101½	101⅝	100	101
B'lyn R. Trans	75½	76¼	75½	75¾
Cast I. Pipe com	13	13¾	13	13¾
Beth. Steel com	30½	30⅞	30¼	30⅞
Chicago & G. W.	19½	19½	19½	19½
Canadian Pac.	233½	234¾	230¼	232
Clover Leaf	18½	18⅝	18½	18⅝
Clover Leaf pfd	41½	41½	41½	41½
Colorado Fuel	29	29	29	29
Ches. & Ohio	73¼	74⅜	73¼	74
Central Leather	24½	24½	24½	24½
Consolidated Gas	135½	136	135½	136
Can pfd.	84	84⅛	83⅝	83⅝
Del. & Hudson	165	165	165	165
Distillers Sec.	31	31½	31	31½
Erie com.	28¾	30⅛	28¾	30
Erie 1st pfd	49¼	50¼	49⅛	49¾
Gt. Northern pfd	124	124½	123¾	124
Gt. Northern Ore	47¼	47¼	47¼	47¼
Int. Harvester com	114½	115	114⅛	115
Interborough com.	15⅛	15⅝	15	15¼
Interborough pfd.	41⅝	42½	41¾	42½
G. C. Sou. com	29⅝	29⅝	29⅝	29⅝
Lous. & Nash	143½	143⅝	143½	143½
Laclede Gas	104⅜	104¾	104¾	104¾
Missouri Pacific	41⅛	41⅜	40½	41⅜
M. S. M.	133½	133½	133	133
M., K. & T. com	31¾	31⅞	31¾	31¾
North. Pacific	118¼	119⅜	118¼	119
Nevada Cou's.	17¾	17¾	17¼	17¼
Northwestern	140½	140½	140	140
North Am. Co.	70	70	70	70
N. Y. Central	103½	104¼	103	104
N. & W. com.	102¼	103	102¼	103
N. & W. Con. 4's	104¼	104¼	104¼	104¼
Ont. & Western	40	40	39⅞	39⅞
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	32	32	32	32
Penn. Ry.	120⅝	121¼	120¼	120¾
Pacific Mail	29	29½	29	29½
People's Gas Co.	103½	103½	103¼	103½
Reading com.	142¾	144⅜	142⅝	144⅛
Rock Island	26⅛	26⅝	26⅛	26⅝
Rock Island pfd	49	49¼	49	49¼
Rep. I. and S. Co.	26	26	26	26
Rep. pfd.	91¾	91¾	91¾	91¾
South. Ry.	28	28⅝	27⅞	28¼
South. Ry. pfd.	68¾	69	68⅝	68¾
St. Paul	113½	114⅝	113½	114½
South. Pacific	111¾	113¼	111⅝	113
So. Pac. Con. 4's	96¼	96⅛	96	96
Texas Pacific	23¾	23¾	23¾	23¾
Tenn. Copper	32	32⅛	31¾	32⅛
Union Pacific	168½	171⅛	168⅜	170⅝
Union Pacific pfd	91	91	91	91
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	102¾	103	102¾	103
U. S. Steel	71¼	73	71¼	72⅞
U. S. Steel pfd	115⅝	115¾	115⅝	115¾
U. S. Steel 5's	104⅝	104⅞	104⅝	104⅞
Utah Copper	44	44½	43¾	44½
Virginia Chem.	54¼	54⅞	54¼	54⅞
Western Md.	57⅜	57½	57¼	57½
Wabash com.	14¼	14¼	14¼	14¼
Wabash pfd.	30	30	30	30
Western Union	75½	75½	75	75

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 27½@28c; solid pack, 26½@27c.

Process Butter—Per lb., tub, 22@33c; dairy, prime, 22c; packing stock, 16c; oleo, 12@18c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 13@14c; New York state, 14c; brick 15c; limburger, 15@18c.

Eggs—Strictly fresh, candled, 19@20c; current receipts, 17@18c.

Onions—Home-grown, 100 lbs., $1.50@2.00; Spanish, crate 45 lbs., $1.65@1.75; garlic 10c.

Celery—Michigan small bunches, doz., 15@25c.

Lettuce—7c head; hamper $2.00.

Mango Peppers—Bu., green 40c; red, $1.00.

Egg Plant—Doz. 75c.

Cucumbers—Home grown, bu., 25@50c.

Tomatoes—Bu., 50c.

Beans—Home-grown, 60@70c; green Lima, qt., 18@20c.

Potatoes—bl., 2⅝ bu., $3.75.

Sweet Potatoes—Bbl., $3.75; basket, $1.40.

Turnips—Bu., 60@75c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., $2.25.

Cauliflower—Doz. $1.00@1.50.

Beets—Bu., 50@60c.

Radishes—Bunch, long, 15c; round, 15c.

Parsley—Dozen bunches, 15c.

Onions—Green, doz., 10c.

Vegetable Oysters—Doz., 25c.

Carrots—Bu., 75c.

Sweet Corn—Doz., 8@9c.

Summer Squash—50@75c doz.; Boston Marrow, doz., $1.25.

Bananas—Bunch, $1.00@1.50.

Pineapples—Case, $4.00.

Oranges—Valencia, $4.25@4.75.

Lemons—California, $4.25@5.00; Verdilla $4.50@5.00; Messini, $4.00@4.50.

Limes—Box of 100, $1.00.

Grape Fruit—$4.50.

Michigan Blueberries—Bu., $3.50.

Pears—Bu., 75c@$1.00.

Plums—1-5 bu. basket, 25@30c; bu., $1.25@1.50.

Apples—Bu., 50@75c.

Peaches—Home-grown, 1-5 basket, 25@40c.

Grapes—Bu., $1.25@1.50.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9½c; heavy and rough, 8@8½c; calves, prime, 11c; fair, 10c.

Chickens—12½c; broilers, lb., 15c.

Yearling lambs, 10@11c; Easter lambs, pelts off, 10@12c; sheep, 5@7c.

Cow Beef—5@7c.

Steers—8@9½c.

Heifers—7@9c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, August 22.—Butter—Unchanged. Cheese—Unchanged. Eggs—Fresh gathered extra firsts, 21c; do firsts, 20c; do current receipts 18c; do seconds, 16c. Poultry—Unchanged. Apples—Unchanged. Potatoes—Jerseys, cobbler, $1.30@1.35 bu.; giants and Green Mountain, $1.25@1.30 bu.; home grown, $1.15@1.20 bu. Sweet Potatoes—Virginia, $3.35@3.50 bbl.; Jersey, hampers, $2.25.

New York Produce.

New York, August 22.—Flour was steady and fairly active. Wheat—Opening a shade higher on fears of frost in the northwest and covering, wheat soon declined under decided weakness at Winnipeg, and selling by over-night longs; September, 96 11-16@97½c; December, $1.00¾@1.01½. Pork—Firm. Beef—Firm. Lard—Strong; middle west, $9.45@9.55. Raw Sugar—Strong; Muscovado 89 test, 4.50c; centrifugal 96 test, $4.00; molasses 89 test, 4.25c; refined, firm. Petroleum—Quiet. Spot Coffee—Quiet. Molasses—Quiet. Hay—Steady. Butter—Steady, unchanged; receipts 16,082. Cheese—Steady, unchanged; receipts 9,002. Eggs—Irregular, unchanged; receipts 27,526. Poultry—Dressed, irregular; western broilers, 14@17c; fowls, 11@16c; turkeys, 12@30c.

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, August 22.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled 5c to 10c higher. Everything else was steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.00@8.10; good mediums, $8.10@8.15; heavy yorkers, $8.10@8.15; light yorkers, $8.00@8.10; good pigs, $7.75@8.00; bulk of sales, $8.10; good mixed, $8.10; stags and roughs, $5.00@7.00.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 lbs. and up, $5.75@6.00; good to choice, $5.75@5.90; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200 lbs., $6.50@6.75; fair to good, 900 to 1,100 lbs., $5.25@5.50; common to light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.00@4.50; fair to good cows, $3.50@4.00; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.25@3.00; bulls, $4.25@4.50; fair to good bologna, $3.50@4.00; common, $3.50@4.00; choice fat heifers, $5.00@5.50; fair to good heifers, $4.50@5.00; common and light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $4.50@5.25; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.25@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $4.00@4.25; milkers and springers, $25.00@50.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $3.25@3.75; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $1.50@2.00; clipped lambs, $5.00@5.50; common to fair, $4.00@5.00; yearlings, $3.00@4.75; top lambs, $6.00@6.50.

Calves—Veal, choice to extra, $8.00@8.75; fair to good, $7.50@8.00; common to light, $6.50@7.00; heavy and pailfed $3.00@5.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, August 22.—Cattle—Receipts estimated at 5,000; market steady to 10c higher; beeves, $5.40@8.10; Texas steers, $4.50@6.45; western steers, $4.25@6.95; stockers and feeders, $3.10@5.50; cows and heifers, $2.25@6.40; calves, $6.00@8.60. Hogs—Receipts estimated at 13,000; market steady; light, $7.35@7.95; mixed, $7.20@7.95; heavy, $7.05@7.80; rough, $7.05@7.30; good to choice heavy, $7.30@7.80; pigs, $5.50@7.60; bulk of sales, $7.35@7.70. Sheep—Receipts estimated at 20,000; market steady to strong; native, $2.35@3.80; western, $2.65@3.75; yearlings, $4.00@5.25; lambs, native, $4.25@6.80; western, $4.75@7.05.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, August 22.—Cattle—Receipts 110; market slow but steady; veal calves, receipts 200; market steady. Sheep and Lambs—Receipts 700; market steady. Hogs—Receipts 1,200; market strong; extreme heavies, $8.00; mediums, $8.00; yorkers, $8.10; light yorkers, $8.10; pigs, $7.50@7.75; roughs, $7.15; stags, $6.25.

Pittsburgh Live Stock.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburgh, Pa., August 22.—Cattle, steady. Hog receipts light, market higher; heavy, $7.90@8.00; mixed, $8.05@8.10; mediums, $8.15@8.20; yorkers and lights, $8.25@8.30; pigs, $7.25@7.75. Sheep steady, $3.75; lambs, $6.25. Calves steady, $8.75.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, August 22.—Cattle—5 cars, steady. Hogs—15 cars, strong; heavy, $8.15@8.25; yorkers, $8.25@8.35; pigs, $8.00@8.10. Sheep—5 cars, steady; top lambs, $6.25@6.65; yearlings, $4.50@5.00; wethers, $3.75@4.00; ewes, $3.00@3.50. Calves—$4.00@9.00.

Cotton.

New York, August 22.—Cotton—Futures opened steady; August, 12.25c; October, 11.20c; November, 11.25c; December, 11.33c; January, 11.25c; March, 11.35c; May, 11.39c bid.

The cotton market opened easy at a decline of 2@6 points in response to lower cables, reports that the English labor situation was less favorable, and prospects for cooler weather and showers in the southwest. Leading spot people were credited with selling hedges, and there was considerable scattering liquidation or bear pressure, but offerings were not general and the market ruled quiet during the middle of the morning, with prices about 5 to 8 points net lower.

The western belt forecast confirmed private predictions for lower temperatures, and scattering showers, but its failure to inspire increased offerings was followed by covering, and the market was steadier late in the forenoon with prices working up to about the closing figures of last night. Trading continued very quiet and there seemed to be a tendency to even up or reduce commitments for over the government crop report next week. Spot nominal.

Estimated receipts at the ports today were 17,000 bales, against 9,341 last week and 12,394 last year. For the week 75,000 bales, against 36,388 bales last week and 55,476 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans 1,153, against 11,874 last year, and at Houston 8,188, against 5,728 last year.

Boston Wool.

Boston, August 22.—Greatly increased activity marked the wool market during the past week, sales being estimated at close to 8,000,000 pounds, compared with recent weekly business of under 1,000,000 pounds. Prices have advanced a little, however. There is more life to the goods market and initial orders are going well. Ruling prices on Ohio fleeces have been 26 cents for half bloods, 25 cents for three-eighths and 24 cents for quarter bloods. Some Michigan quarter bloods sold at 24 cents.

INDIANS LED BY GIRL

Commands Band of 300 in Fight With Federals as Mexicans Revolt.

Yautepec, State of Morelos, Mexico, August 18.—After a battle that waged all day, in which 19 Zapataists and many federals were killed, the opposing forces are awaiting to continue the struggle.

Margarita Neri, who commanded troops during the recent revolution, sent 300 Indians under the command of Esperanze Echavarria, a girl of 18, from Cuautia, where Senorita Neri holds 700 more Indians in reserve. The Mexican "Joan of Arc' fought in the front rank and was slightly wounded in the left arm.

The entire state of Morelos, except the city of Cuernavaca, rose yesterday morning against the government. The first battle of the new revolution occurred between a force of Zapataists, commanded by Jose Morelos, and an advance guard of federals under Gen. Blanquet. The Zapataists occupied the city. When the federals advanced they were met by rifle and field gun fire from barricades, town towers, cathedral roofs and houses.

The attack was made from the crest of a ridge around the town, which is approached only by two roads. There were no trees to cover the federals, while the Zapataists had 5-foot barricades of heavy stone at both entrances and had planted machine guns in the streets. Sharpshooters were stationed behind other barricades. They were armed with Mausers captured from the federals in the recent revolution.

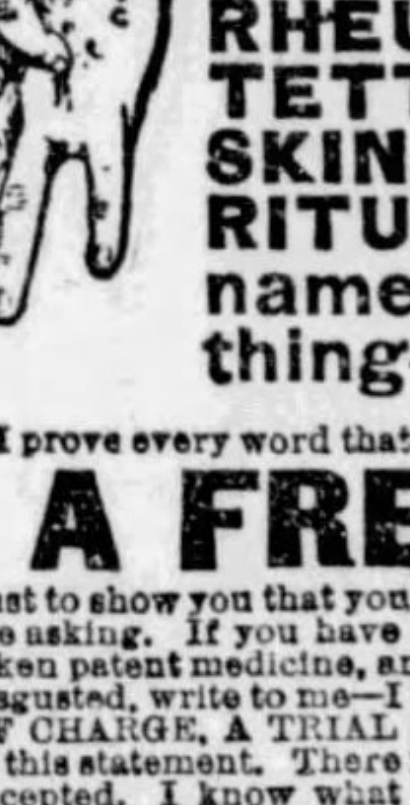
Five hundred federals approached from two sides. Fifteen hundred other federals remained on the road back of Cuernavaca leaving only 300 on guard in the latter town.

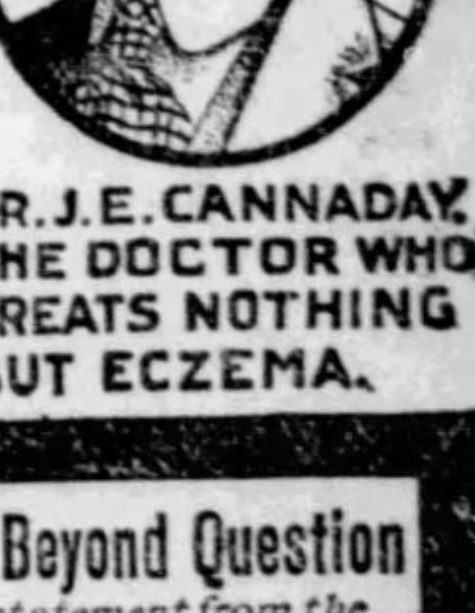
NUDE GIRL LED IN STREET

Indian Maiden Punished for Attention From Married Brave.

Niagara Falls, N. Y., August 22.—A Tuscarora Indian maiden who is in the care of the police matron here will ben sent back to the Tuscarora reservation this week to have her troubles settled by her own people. The girl came to the attention of the police following several telephone messages saying that a young girl was being driven nude through the streets.

A motorcycle policeman found an aged squaw and a young brave of about 35 years, riding slowly along in a wagon and the girl, destitute of clothing, was walking unwillingly along ahead of the horse. The older woman explained that she had objected to the attentions which the young brave, her second husband, had been paying to his step-daughter and took this method of punishing the girl, in accordance with an old tribal custom.





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Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for the asking. If you have been to other Doctors, if you have taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves till you are disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do; I know that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure

If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third—think of that!

What Eczema Is

Eczema is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organ, etc.

SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then they bleed and dark scales form; there is an oozing of matter. In some the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will scratch till they bleed. Scales form on parts of the body, where the clothing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay cured 10 YEARS! It must be good or it could not be sold this way.

Strong as Rock of Gibraltar

I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD MEDAL taken in Competitive Examination. Does this not show that I am fully qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients everywhere. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

MY BOOK

Is the most complete book ever sent out. I explain every form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of many severe cases, which are extremely interesting. I send you names of thousands who have been cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
924 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

Reliable Beyond Question

This is a statement from the bank of my home town, where I have done business for years.

THIRD NATIONAL BANK,
Sedalia Mo Jan.-1-1910.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—
Dr. Cannaday, of our city is a physician, making a specialty of ECZEMA. We have handled his business exclusively for one year and eighty four days. His patients deposit their money with us, in their OWN NAME, to be paid to the doctor, if his treatment is satisfactory. If we remember correctly, we have been called upon by only FOUR of his patients for their money, and it seemed then, that the fault was more with the Express Companies than with the treatment failing.
Considering the number of cases he treats, we regard his success as remarkable. We consider him perfectly reliable, and assure those placing their money with us a fair, square, business deal.
Yours truly,

FREE OFFER—CUT OUT HERE

Dr. J. E. Cannaday,
924 Park Square
Sedalia, - Mo.:
Please send without cost to me prepaid Free trial treatment, also copy of your Free Book.
Name..............................
Address..............................
....
Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

ARMY TO RAISE HORSES FOR WAR

Department of Agriculture Enables Farmers to Develop Wanted Types.

Washington, August 22.—The problem of obtaining suitable horses for the United States army is a serious one. Each year it is growing increasingly difficult to find them. The supply is not only growing smaller in quantity, but also poorer in quality.

A recent dispatch tells of a large number of horses shipped from Kansas City to Seattle for use in the Philippine Islands. They were condemned and sold at auction. Some of these could not be mastered by the most skilful broncho busters. Others were suffering from heaves, spavin and ringbone. If the army cannot be equipped in time of peace, how could it manage in time of war? Beyond doubt it would be in grave trouble, for the waste of horses in battle is enormous. A conflict of any length would demand thousands of them.

To meet this situation, officers of the army and the United States department of agriculture have evolved a plan which contemplates the raising of suitable horses for army use. The scheme is for the government to purchase 100 choice stallions, to be located in different sections of the United States and bred to suitable mares wherever they may be found.

Owner Must Give Option on Colt.

The owners of the latter must agree to give the government an option on the colt when it is three years old, at a price to be arranged for before the animal is bred. All such breeding is to be under the supervision of the bureau of animal industry of the United States department of agriculture.

The reason why it is difficult for the government to obtain suitable steeds for the officers and cavalrymen is attributed to a number of causes. The advent of cheap transportation, the trolley and automobile, has caused the market for riding horses to become so reduced that breeders over the country have turned their attention to raising draft horses instead. Even in Virginia, once famous for its fine riding horses, ony one-tenth as many hunters are bred as formerly. The cow pony of the west is almost a thing of the past, and the abolishment of "railroaders," or the old style of street car horses, has removed a type available for army purposes. These latter were considered the best kind because of their endurance, and willingness to work.

Anticipate 2,000 Horses a Year.

From the best information available it would appear that a comprehensive scheme to breed horses needed for the mounted service of the United States army on the present peace footing should provide for not less than 2,000 a year. The plan under consideration woud locate the stallions as follows:

In the New England district, consisting of Maine and New Hampshire, 10 Morgans.

In the central district, consisting of Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, with perhaps certain sections of Indiana and Ohio, 30 thoroughbreds, 10 standard-breds and 10 saddlers.

In the southwestern section, consisting of Missouri and Texas, with perhaps certain sections of Iowa, five thoroughbreds, five saddlers, and five standard-breds.

In the northwest district, consisting of Montana, Washington, Oregon and perhaps California, 15 thoroughbreds and ten standard-breds.

Buys Horses at Younger Age.

Since 1908 the government has improved the type and general usefulness of its horses for the army by purchasing them at a younger age than formerly. Two advantages were gained by this method. First, a saving in price was made, because the animal had not reached an age where it had cost the breeder so much. Buying at three and four years of age had enabled the breeder to sell for less, as the horses were, as a rule, unbroken. Through the establishing of remount stations, where the young horses were broken for army use, the government gained its most valuable advantage. To understand why will necessitate going somewhat into the general knowledge of the habits of horses.

First and foremost, horses in general are given credit for more intelligence than they possess. The strong point of a horse is memory. When a milkman starts out on his route with a new horse he takes a driver along for the first few trips to do the driving. After that the new horse will leave No. 1872 and stop in front of 1943 with nothing more to guide him than "giddap."

More Valuable When Taken Young.

A horse does not forget little things. If he gets into a bumble bees' nest and is stung severely, he does not forget it. If one thinks so, just go near him and make a buzzing sound like a bee.

So the purchasing agents of the army have learned by experience that young horses broken and handled are more reliable in performance and of better disposition. The horse broken in the country and the one broken in town both require additional handling to adjust them to army needs. If either has met with misfortunes, accidents or abuses, the memory of these incidents is carried into army life and at some time will crop up—possibly at a most inopportune moment.

The government recently began buying horses for the army that were three and four years old. These horses are sent to the depot for maturing and handling, and finally issued to the troops at four and a half and five years old. Under the plan, the animals will have a longer life of usefulness. Under the old plan, where horses were bought and issued to the troops direct, the army usefulness was six and a quarter year on an average. Now they have a useful average life of ten years.

GIRLS START ON LONG RIDE

Iowa Young Women Begin 160-Mile Trip on Horses.

Ft. Madison, Ia., August 22.—Misses Helen Willard and Bessie Gordon left here yesterday on a 160-mile horseback ride to Carrollton, Mo., where they expect to be guests of a former teacher at a house party which begins Friday.

The young women plan stopping over night at hotels along the route and are confident that they will reach their destination on time

T. R. OUT OF 1912 RACE

Colonel, Writing to Friend, Says His Nomination Would Be Calamity.

Pittsburg, August 22.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt will not be a candidate for the Republican nomination for President in 1912.

All the planning the Roosevelt admirers on the one hand and the enemies of President Taft on the other will be of no avail, as the ex-president has firmly set his foot down on all movements to have him head the national Republican ticket in the next campaign.

Alexander P. Moore, editor of the Pittsburg Leader, an enthusiastic friend and supporter of Col. Roosevelt, recently wrote a letter to the ex-president regarding the proposal to have him again head the Republican ticket.

Editor Moore, on the return of Col. Roosevelt from his African trip, led a great gathering of Pittsburg admirers of the mighty hunter to New York, where they greeted the colonel at the pier. Mr. Roosevelt also made a short visit to Pittsburg afterward on one of his trips, at the invitation of Mr. Moore, so that the Pittsburg editor is close enough to Mr. Roosevelt to ascertain his wishes.

Says It Would Be a Calamity.

The Leader editor has received the following letter:

"The Outlook, 287 Fortieth Avenue, New York. Office of Theodore Roosevelt, August 18.—My Dear Mr. Moore: I very greatly appreciate your kind and friendly feeling, but I am sure you will understand me when I say that I must ask not only you but every friend I have to see to it that no movement whatever is made to bring me forward for nomination in 1912.

"I feel that I have a right to ask all my friends, if necessary, actively to work to prevent any such movement. I should esteem it a genuine calamity if such a movement were undertaken.

"Again thanking you for what you have said, and moreover thanking you in advance for following my wishes in this matter, as I know you will do, I am very sincerely yours,

"Theodore Roosevelt.

"Mr. A. P. Moore, The Pittsburg Leader, Pittsburg, Pa."

Paper Will Follow His Wishes.

The Leader says:

"In explicit language Col. Roosevelt announces that he does not want to be considered a possibility for presidential nomination in 1912. He asks the Leader and all his friends to oppose any movement to bring him forward for the nomination, declaring he should esteem it a genuine calamity if such a movement were undertaken.

"The Leader, as one of Col. Roosevelt's friends, and having absolute confidence in his sincerity, will unhesitatingly follow his expressed wishes, while regretting his determination."

ATWOOD LOST HIS WAY, ALBANY NEAR

Aviator Has Some Bad Luck Between Lyons and Adjourn.

Syracuse, N. Y., August 22.—On the ninth day of his aeroplane flight from St Louis to New York, Harry N. Atwood, the aviator, today planned to fly along the 153 mile stretch from Belle Isle, five miles west of here, to Albany. Whether he would be able to make Albany by night, Atwood said was uncertain, but that city would be his proposed destination for the day. He expected to fly over Syracuse, Utica, Amsterdam, Schnectady and the intermediate towns, following directly over the New York Central railroad tracks.

Must Stop for Gasoline.

He would be compelled to make one stop for gasoline, but he would do so at some unscheduled point and wherever his gasoline happened to give out, which would be after 100 miles' sailing.

At Belle Isle, where he was forced to land because of darkness, after losing his way while flying between Lyons, N. Y., and Auburn, the aviator was out early putting his biplane in readiness. He found a strong wind blowing, which would delay a start for several hours. His route today is Syracuse, 5 miles; Utica, 58 miles; Schnectady, 136 miles, and Albany, 153 miles.

Close to World's Record.

If he reaches Albany tonight, Atwood will have flown 1,123 miles from St. Louis. Besides breaking all cross-country flights in America, this will be another approach to the world's record of 1,164 miles now held in Europe. Atwood will have surpassed the world's record when he flies along the Hudson river over Rinecliff, when he will have 1,177 miles to his credit.

At Albany Atwood will provide his biplane with pontoons for use in case he has to land in the Hudson river or in the ocean.

SLID BANISTERS TO BARGAINS

Kansas City Women Reach Counter in New Rush.

Kansas City, Mo., August 22.—At the clearance sale of John Taylor's dry goods store yesterday morning a crowd of women making for a lower floor, where some handbags were on sale at cut prices, took to the banisters and slid down.

The women entered the store on Baltimore avenue. The entrance floor on this street is a floor above that on Main street, where the bargain was on sale. They found the stairway was full and women were struggling and swaying in a congested mass, unable either to advance or retreat.

"Come on," a leader cried, "there's no getting through here."

As she spoke she gathered up her skirts, gave a quick spring and landed astride the banister. There was a flash of stockings and lace, and the next instant she was on the floor below, fighting her way toward the counter. One after another the bolder ones followed until the banister was full of sliding women. One after another they landed at the bottom in shrieking heaps and would plunge into the struggling mass in front of the counter.

CONGRESS PACKS GRIP AND LEAVES

Adjournment Follows Session of Extraordinary Activity in Capital.

What Congress Did

BILLS PASSED

Reciprocity with Canada.

A rigid campaign publicity bill.

A reapportionment bill providing for an enlarged popular body in congress.

Statehood for New Mexico and Arizona.

President Taft's general arbitrataion traties with France and Great Britain are to be recorded as features of the session.

Bills revising downward the woolen shcedule and placing on the free list a large number of articles in general use were also put through congress and would be laws but for the veto of President Taft.

The light has been turned on in a score of directions and corruption has been exposed.

Washington, August 22.—The extraordinary session of the 62nd congress, the most active session in many years, closed at 3 o'clock this afternoon.

All that remained for today's proceedings was the receipt of the President's veto of the cotton tariff revision bill, the final attempt of the Democrats for adjustment of the tariff without waiting for the report and recommendations of the President's tariff board.

The house already had created a committee to notify the President that congress was ready to adjourn and the senate did likewise.

The veto message, with the vetoed bill, will be referred at once to the public ways and means committee and then congress will mark time to the fixed hour of adjournment.

Both houses convened at noon today, with all plans perfected for adjournment.

Valises All Packed.

The following senators and representatives constituted the committee appointed by the two houses to wait upon the President and notify him that congress has completed its business, and is ready to quit: Senators Cullom, of Illinois, Republican, and Martin, of Virginia, Democrat; Representatives Underwood, of Alabama, Dixon, of Indiana, Democrats, and Mann, of Illinois, Republican. The committee paid its formal call at the White House shortly after congress convened.

The senators and representatives left in town, a wide gap in the ranks having been left by the departure of the more impatient ones, were slow in arriving at the capitol. Some of them came with their grips and satchels prepared to make a quick get-away.

SEEK PARDON FOR HAINS

Captain's Brother and Lawyer Will Ask Governor's Clemency.

New York, August 22.—The movement to secure a pardon for Captain Peter C. Hains, now serving a sentence in Sing Sing for the murder of William E. Annis, was launched yesterday by Aaron Berrman, an attorney of Brooklyn. Berrman admitted that his aid in the matter was enlisted by the captain's brother, T. Jenkins Hains.

TOGO STARTS FOR VANCOUVER

After Brief Visit Admiral Will Embark for Japan September 14.

Niagara Fals, Ont., August 22.—Admiral Count Togo took a last look yesterday afternoon at the roaring cataract, which of all America's sights has impressed him most, and started in his private car last night for Vancouver. He will arrive at Vancouver on Saturday. He expects to spend both Sunday and Monday in Seattle, embarking next Tuesday for Japan, arriving in Yokohama on Sept. 14.

SCHWAB DENIES STEEL MERGER

Bethlehem, Pa., August 22.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Co., last night denied the report that his company would be merged with the Lackawanna Steel Co. and the Republic Iron & Steel Co. to fight the United States Steel Corporation. He said no such step was contemplated. "We are solely interested in the development of our own company," he declared.

LONGEST FLIGHTS SINCE CURTISS WON THE WORLD'S PRIZE.

Distance in miles.	
142.	Glenn H. Curtiss, Albany-New York, May 29, 1910. Won the New York World's $10,000 prize.
149.	C. K. Hamilton, New York-Philadelphia, June 13.
435.	Alfred Leblanc, Paris-Amiens-Paris, Aug. 7-17.
192.	Walter Brookins, Chicago-Springfield, Sept. 29.
109.	Arch Hoxsey, Springfield-St. Louis, Oct. 8.
174.	Tom Sopwith, Dover, England-Beaumont, Belgium, Dec. 18.
90.	J. A. D. McCurdy, Key West-Havana (over water), Jan. 30, 1911.
138.	Lieut. Begue, Nice-Corsica (over water), March 5.
223.	Pierre Prier, London-Paris (no stop), April 12.
842.	Jules Vedrines, Paris-Madrid (four stops), May 21-26.
910.	Andre Beaumont, Paris-Rome, May 28-31.
1096.	Herr Konig, German circuit, June 11-July 9.
1073.	Andre Beaumont, European circuit, June 18-July 7.
461.	Harry N. Atwood, Boston-Washington, June 30-July 13.
1010.	Andre Beaumont, circuit of England, July 22-26.

BEACHEY FLIES HIGHEST

Record Shows He Attained 11,642 Feet in Sunday's Acsent.

Chicago, August 22.—Officials of the International Aviation meet today announced that a revised reading of the barograph attached to the Curtiss biplane when Lincoln Beachey broke the world's altitude record yesterday, shows he reached a height of 11,642 feet instead of 11,578, the unofficial reading given out last evening.

The barograph was subjected to a four hour examination by a committee of experts today and every test known to science was applied before the formal anonuncement of the revised reading was made.

The previous world's altitude record was held by Captain Felix, director of the French army school of aviation, who on August 5 of this year reached a height of 11,150 feet at Etamps, France.

TAFT SIGNS STATEHOOD BILL

Puts Signature to Act Admitting New Mexico and Arizona.

Washington, August 22.—President Taft signed the joint resolution for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona into the union yesterday afternoon. He used three different pens in order that some of the relic hunters might be satisfied.

The resolution provides that Arizona shall eliminate the judiciary recall clause in its constitution.

Santa Fe, N. M., August 22.—Political leaders of both parties are gathering here with the avowed purpose of outlining informally the state campaign, which will be launched immediately.

Phoenix, Arizona, August 22.—A big statehood celebration was held upon receipt of word that President Taft had signed the statehood resolution.

MUST TELL WHAT THEY SPEND

Candidates Held by Publicity Bill Taft Signs.

Washington, August 19.—President Taft today signed the campaign publicity bill.

The bill requires publicity of all campaign funds before election and extends the publicity features to primary campaigns and nominating conventions. It limits the amounts candidates may spend to $5,000 for congressional candidates and $10,000 for senatorial aspirants. Candidates are also required to make public all pledges of political appointments. The bill of course applies only to congressional elections.

FALLS 600 FEET FROM BALLOON

Aeronaut Killed When He Tries Double Parachute Leap.

Marion, Ind., August 12.—In the presence of his wife and thousands of spectators, Frank Crawford, 35, yesterday afternoon fell a distance of 600 feet from the parachute of a balloon and was instantly killed. Crawford lost his hold and fell while attempting a double parachute leap. Crawford's wife is prostrated. His home was at Anderson.

PREFERS DEATH TO SPANKING

Laporte, Ind., August 22.—Angered because his mother threatened to spank him, the 9-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mitchell attempted suicide by swallowing a quantity of paris green and then shouted "You won't have to spank me." He is in a serious condition.

SOME THINGS ATWOOD HAS DONE

Harry N. Atwood is 27 years old, a native of Boston. He began teaching himself the art of operating an aeroplane less than four months ago. Without the aid of an instructor, he has become the most proficient master of the aeroplane in the United States.

Atwood first attracted attention when he appeared over the Yale-Harvard boat races a few months ago.

He then startled the country July 1 by flying from New London, Conn., to New York city, circling the tower of the Singer building, and then sweeping over the skyscraper district of New York and landing on Governors island in New York bay. On this trip he carried Edward Fleet, his mechanic, as a passenger.

He was the first aviator to attempt a flight over the American metropolitan city.

After a series of spectacular flights in and around New York, Atwood started July 9 for Washington, by way of Atlantic City and Baltimore.

He made the flight successfully from New York to Atlantic City, from Atlantic City to Baltimore, and from Baltimore to Washington, carrying Charles K. Hamilton, another aviator, as a passenger.

His feats in Washington consisted of spectacular flights over the city around the Washington monument, and ended with a landing on the White House lawn.

Atwood was received by President Taft and decorated with a gold medal.

AIRMEN SOON GIVE UP DIZZY JOB FOR ONE LESS PERILOUS

Champion Aviators Speedily Seek More Remunerative and Safer Positions Close to the Ground, Says London Dispatch.

London, August 17.—Beaumont and Vedrines are today names that throughout the world represent the latest triumph in man's battle with the air, and yet little more than six months ago the world of aviation had not heard of these two men and has only become aware of their existence during the last two months—since Vedrines won the race from Paris to Madrid and Beaumont was victorious in the Race to Rome and in the circuit of England.

So Soon Forgot.

What has become of the Wrights, of Bleriot, Santos-Dumont, Paulhan, Latham, Farman and the other giants of the air? Each of them, in his turn, made the world ring and now they have disappeared from the public eye as completely as if the earth—or the air had swallowed them up.

Aviation has only existed for three years, and in that time the men who created it have lapsed into obscurity. Moreover, the men like Beaumont, Vedrines, Vidart, Garros, Kimmerling, Weymann, and other well-known air racers of the moment are not the immediate successors of the earlier championions. They are the grandchildren, and not the children, of Bleriot, Farman, and the rest. Between them come men like Comte de Wambert, Tissandier, Sommer, Rougeir Leblanc, Auburn, and others Their glory was even more fleeting—although Leblanc competed in the Gordon-Bennett race a few weeks ago—and they also have joined the greater ones in obscurity.

Fly No More.

So that the men who taught mankind to fly have ceased to fly themselves. Why is it? Some made money quickly and decided to let nothing jeopardize their enjoyment of it, and some have abandoned the flying of aeroplanes for the making of them. Some who had accidents, decided to risk no more, and others again who had no accidents decided that their immunity might last no longer. But the chief reason for this wholesale desertion of the pilot's seat was the sudden and rapid development in the construction of aeroplanes in France, dating from the profitable first meeting in Rhiems, which gave profitable openings for the men who had already made their names. First to the brothers Wright. They remain mysterious, as they ever were.

Bleriot, most celebrated of all flying men, leaped into world-wide fame when he flew the channel—which the Wright's a year before had said was an impossible feat—although he had smashed many machines in France before he smashed the one in landing on Dover Cliffs. The fame of his monoplane spread over the world in company with that of its maker, and everybody who wanted to fly at once wanted a Bleriot. Orders poured in, and the conqueror of the channel, although he competed at the first Rheims meeting, found it more profitable and less risky to devote himself entirely to the management of the new Bleriot factory. And man is still such a creature of earth as to prefer to get his living there.

Henry Farman, always the most careful of aviators, , makes a parallel case. He won the long distance competition at the Rheims meeting, and Farman biplanes were in great request His workshops increased and multiplied, Farman pupils flocked to Mourmelon, and Henry, who had previously done well both as a racing cyclist and in the automobile business, found he had another business to look after, and left his first pupils to become teachers of other pupils.

Brazillian Retires.

Santos-Dumont, the rich Brazilian amateur, was, a decade ago, one of the lions of Parisian society, because of his experiments in dirigible balloons. Then he started experimenting with a new thing called an aeroplane, and—tremendous triumph!—made it hop a few hundred yards in the Bois de Boulogue. But he was very erratic, and just when the aeroplane boom came along he let the subject alone. Eighteen months ago he astonished the aviation world by making a high flight across country on a tiny new machine called the Demoiselle, the patents of which he generously offered to minkind But very few people fly the Demoiselle. It needs more than ordinary courage. And there Santos-Dumont has left aviation behind him.

Paulhan's flash was more than usually meteoric. He made his name at the first Rheims meeting—forever the classic meeting in aviation—as a piliot. Then won the London to Manchester flight. Very shortly afterwards he left competition flying alone, and is now engaged in producing a machine of his own. And we have a case much like his in England in Grahame White, Paulhan's rival in the Manchester flight, who, although he still flies a great deal, has found the commercial side of aviation too engrossing to allow him to take part in competition.

Latham was the most picturesque of all aviators when flying was young, and the world heard all about him during the great adventure of the first channel flight. But he has never engaged in any of the great flying races—perhaps because, as is generally understood, he is wealthy enough to be able to disregard them. And, besides, the new men might so easily have beaten him. To be an aviator also, is not so "chic" now as it was two years ago; the more the aviators the less game the is in being one.

Had Enough of It.

Coming to Comte de Lembert and Tissandier, the two pupils of Wilbur Wright, we have two aviators who have evidentry given up flying, simply because, to put it bluntly, they had had enough of it, although at the start of the circuit of Europe and Paris, Comte de 'Lambert said some day he might take up the Wright machine again. But Tissandier evidently finds it much more pleasant to be an active official at the Aero Club de France. Then LeBlanc, the favorite pupil of Bleriot, has now become his chief manager. Similarly, Auburn, who was second to LeBlanc in the circuit de l'Est, the first cross-country aerial race, is now manager of the new Deperdussin Co., which makes a monoplane and leaves flying alone.

Many more have dropped out for other reasons. There is Rougier, who made a name for his high flights. But he was flying over the sea at the Monaca meeting, and suddenly dropped a few hundred feet, for no apparent reason, into the water. Rougier decided to give up flying until he found out the cause, and evidently he has not found it yet. And there is Morane, inventor of the swift monoplane on which Vedrines flies. Morane had a bad accident a year ago, in which he broke both legs. Evidently he no longer possesses the calm nerves necessary to the aviator. Many other instances of the same kind could be found, and we must not forget Delagrange, artist, sculptor and pioneer aviator, who was killed near Bordeaux, nor Lefevre and Rolls, who were both killed.

We may conclude that those who have made their career in the air are glad to abandon it for something less exciting when the opportunity offers. The champions of two years ago could not compete for a moment with such men as Beaumont and Vedrines, but even they don't want to. Whether pioneer-inventors, sporting amateurs, or ex-mechanics in search of big money prizes, there comes a time when nerves can no longer stand the strain of constandt flying. Even with the plaudits of admiring multitudes the delights of flying must fade, or the men who have made their names would not abandon it so quickly.

SLOW CASE OF HYDROPHOBIA

Woman Suffers From Rabies Five Years After Dog Bit Her.

New York, August 18.—Mrs. Amanda Irwin, a widow, was admitted to Bellevue hospital early yesterday suffering, the physician said, from hydrophobia. She was bitten by a dog in 1906. Physicians said the inoculation of five years ago had been slowly working through her system and it had at last emerged in an acute attack.

DIES AFTER TRANCE SURGERY

Woman Too Weak to Recover When Consciousness Returned.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 17.—Mrs. Mary Walinsky, who was operated upon for cancer of the stomach while she was in a trance, at the Riverside hospital, awakened from her trance yesterday and died a few minutes afterward.

She was in a trance for 21 days with only three hours of consciousness, that being shortly after the trance started.

AVIATORS WHO HAVE BEEN KILLED IN 1911

January 2—Four men lost at sea in balloon Hildebrandt.
January 9—Roussijan.
February 6—Lieutenant Stein.
February 9—Noel (French.)
February 9—Delatorre.
March 20—Paul Kayser.
April 14—Lieutenant Byasson.
April 25—William A. Puvis.
May 1—Matievitch Brothers.
May 6—Rene Vallon.
May 10—Lieutenant Kelly.
May 11—Bekemuller, German aviation pupil.
May 17—A. V. Hardlee.
May 18—Lieutenant Paul Dupuis, French army.
May 18—Pierre M. Bournique.
May 21—Maurice Bertaux, French minister of war killed when struck by aeroplane.
May 25—Benson, English aviation pupil.
May 27—Farrell.
May 25—Charsky, Russian.
May 28—Cirri, Italian.
June 5—Pinot Marcel, French.
June 8—Marra, Italian.
June 9—Schendell, German.
June 9—Voss, mechanician.
June 17—Girl, unidentified, beheaded by aeroplane at Budapest.
June 18—Captain Princetau, French army.
June 18—Le Martin, French.
June 18—Lendron, French.
June 25—Blondell, French ceronaut.
June 25—Leon Corbin, passenger, drowned with Blondell.
June 29—Lieutenant Trochon, French army.
July 13—D. A. Kreamer, amateur aviator.
July 14—Edward Pailette, French
July 23.—Jolly, French.
July 25—Shimansky, a passenger in an air race.
August 1—Gerald Napier, killed in England.
August 15—William R. Badger.
August 15—St. Croix Johnstone.

WARSHIP TO CONVEY BONES

Honor for Remains of Men Who Died on Maine.

Washington, August 21.—President Taft has issued orders that the bones of all enlisted men recovered from the battleship Maine should be brought from Havana to the United States on a battleship.

The President read a dispatch from Havana stating the bones of enlisted men recovered from the Maine would be brought to this country on a collier. He remembered that the remains of Lieut. Merritt, an engineer officer, were brought on the armored cruiser North Carolina.

The president takes the position that the enlisted men who went down with the Maine are entitled to all honor that the United States can give them.

It's Dangerous for Aviator to Sneeze

A sneeze is the greatest peril an aviator may encounter and probably has caused the death of more than one birdman.

This is the belief of Harry Atwood, who encountered an entirely new and perilous experience soon after leaving Edgewater park on his way to Euclid Beach.

"A small insect flew into my nose," said Atwood. "I felt the sneezing convulsion coming on and fought against it. Realizing that a sneeze was inevitable, I braced myself so that I would not lose possession of my senses even for an instant.

"It was the first time I ever had a sneeze while in the air and it immediately dawned upon me that probably more than one birdman owes his death to a sneeze—the spasmodic jerking of the head, brief loss of sense of direction and, probably, a jerk of a lever which made recovery of balance impossible.

"Believe me, I never again want to sneeze while flying. It's one of the gravest perils of aviation."

TEN-CENT STORE IN STOMACH

Man-Eating Shark Had No Choice of Edibles.

Lewes, Del., August 19.—A curious assortment of bric-a-brac is on exhibition here, all of it found in the stomach of a man-eating shark 17 feet in length, caught at the mouth of Delaware bay by the crew of lightship No. 69.

An invoice of the shark's interior furnishings includes one umbrella, one barrel stave, a quantity of steel and iron junk of different kinds and enough oil cloth to cover the floor of a good sized kitchen.

TOGO LOOKS AT NIAGARA FALLS

Niagara Falls, Ont., August 21.—Admiral Togo rested this morning before continuing his journey late this afternoon to the Pacific coast where he will embark for Japan. He spent today on the hotel veranda gazing at the falls.

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Made of best cold rolled steel. Horsemen delighted. Takes just half the time to clean a horse. Keeps the teeth always clean, no clogging with hair or dirt. A. R. Pett says: "It's a dandy. Sold 14 last night to my neighbors." Easy seller. Big profit. Going fast. Write quick. Free sample to workers.
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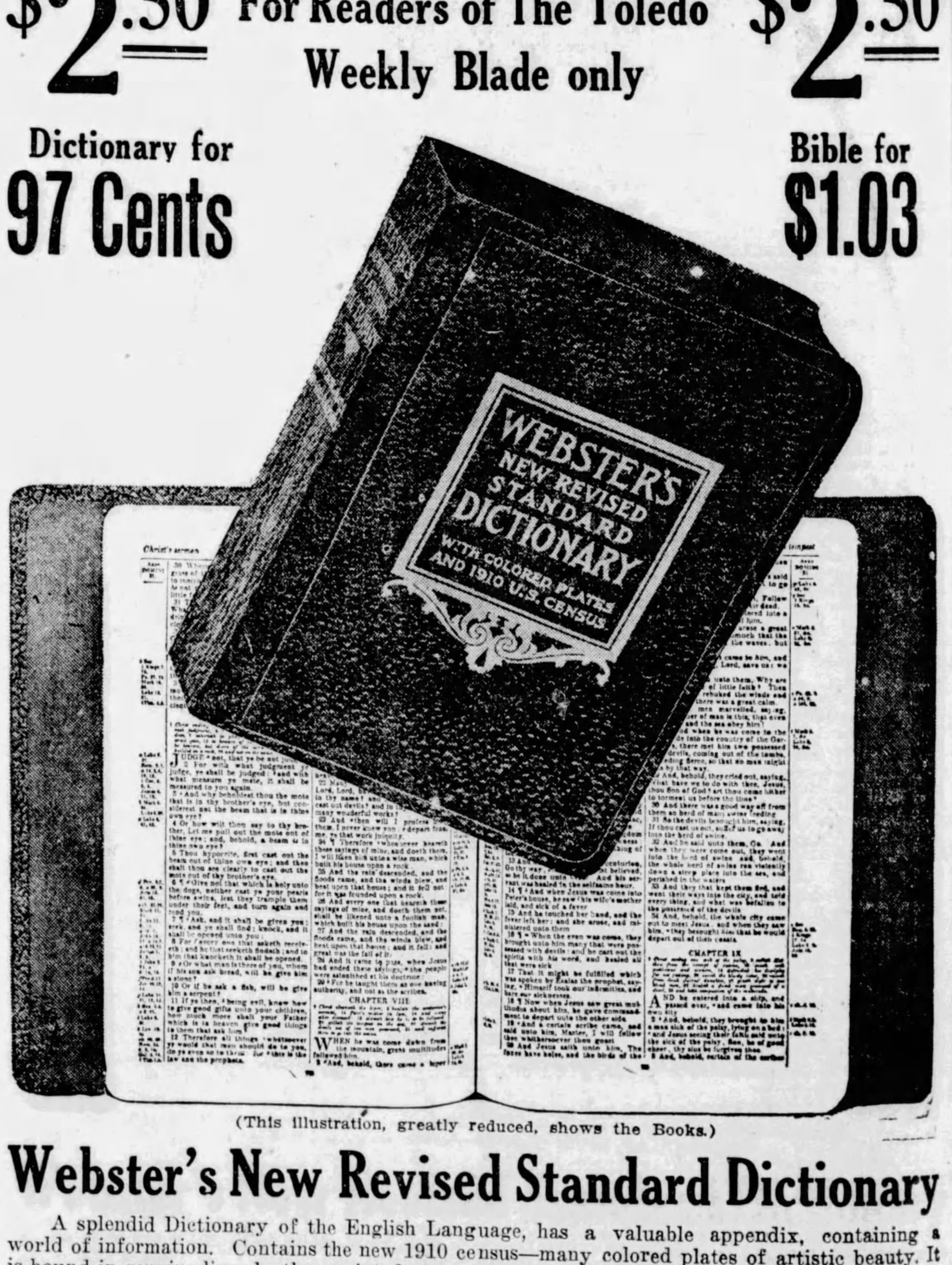
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CHAPTER VIII
CHAPTER IX

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